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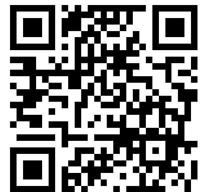
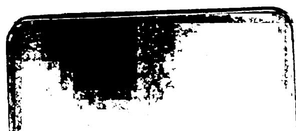


EL PRESIDENTE

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF

GENERAL SANTA ANNA

CLARENCE R. WHARTON



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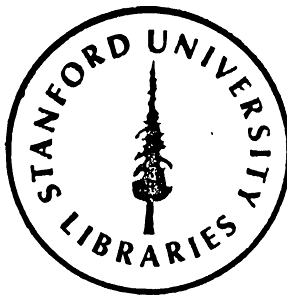

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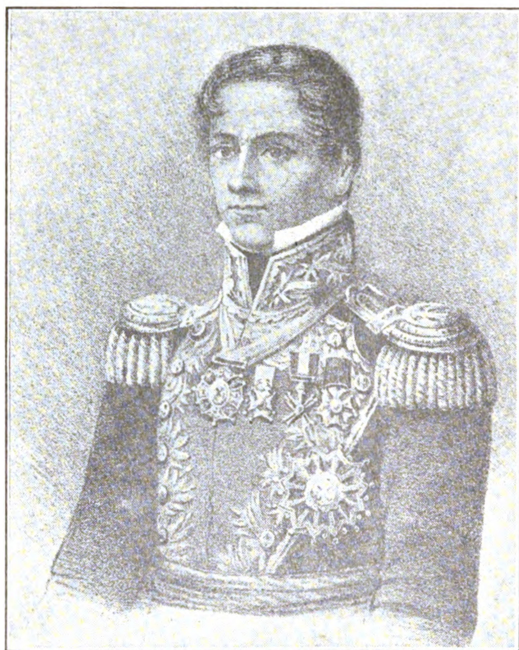

GENERAL SANTA ANNA

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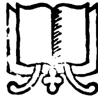
El Presidente

A sketch of the life of

General Santa Anna



By

Clarence R. Wharton

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PREFACE

In twenty-five years of study and research in Texas History I have gathered much material about Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, whose wonderful career was filled with unusual occurrences, touching great events in Mexico and Texas.

The epoch of our wars with Mexico, 1836-1848, though less than a century away, seems as far from us as the Crusades. The names and fame of those who won the war with Mexico in 1847-8 are quite unknown to this generation. How many remember General Twiggs, the Bengal Tiger from Georgia, or Quitman, the gallant Mississippian; Kearney, Worth, Woll, and Gideon J. Pillow, the Tennessee politician, who was a former law partner of President Polk, and a Brigadier General of Volunteers. Grant and Lee, Sherman and Beauregard, Bragg and Thomas, Jefferson Davis, and Franklin Pearce, marched away to win the west.

General Santa Anna, recalled from exile by the American Invasion, was the soul of the Mexican defense, and when he fell, he went again into exile, but returned again in the fifties, to rule over his countrymen. Then again he was banished, and for twenty years lived in foreign lands, returning home to die in 1876. Most of us lose sight of him after San Jacinto, in 1836; but this was only mid-

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way in his career. He was then only forty-four years of age, and he lived forty years more. Seven times he was president of Mexico.

The early champion of liberty, he was a born dictator and always ruled as a despot. During his last exile, in 1872, he wrote his memoirs, and entrusted the manuscript to his family, with instructions not to allow its publication until all of his generation has passed away. The original of this manuscript, in a bold handwriting, is in the Garcia Library, recently purchased by the University of Texas.

Miss Willie Ward Watkin, a student of the University, two years ago translated this rare document for the first time. Her manuscript has not been published, but through the kindness of Dr. Hackett, I have had a copy of it in the preparation of this sketch.

Mexico is an interesting country, whose destiny is yet shrouded in doubt. Once our sovereign, all its early annals are part of our past.

For two hundred years, Spanish governors and commandants were the rulers of Texas and the other Spanish-American States; and portraits of Bustamente and Santa Anna might hang in the gallery of governors of seven of our States.

When Santa Anna made his mad march across Texas in 1836, he held the future of all the Southwest in his hands.

With six companies of grenadiers, he reached

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Morgan's Point on April 20th. and sat on his horse where the tide comes in at Bay Ridge, and looked out upon the Mexican Sea which washed the shores of his vast empire—a country which reached from Yucatan to Oregon, and whose area was greater than any other nation of the world, save Russia.

And when he turned back from the bay that day, he went to San Jacinto, to fight the sixteenth decisive battle in the history of the world.

This generation may well be interested in these stirring events, and in the career of one of our former rulers, who fought more battles than Washington and Napoleon combined.

C. R. WHARTON.

Houston, Oct. 5, 1924.

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EL PRESIDENTE
A Sketch of Santa Anna.

The Mexican army had been utterly vanquished at San Jacinto on April 21, 1836. Those not killed or captured had scattered over the prairies. Nightfall had stopped the pursuit; but, early on the morning after, Texas horsemen were scouring the plains bringing in fugitives. As one party of three horsemen rode into camp with a shabby-looking Mexican mounted behind one of them, they heard the Mexican prisoners as they passed by exclaiming to each other in supressed excitement,—"El Presidente, El Presidente!" And indeed the small, thin-featured man dressed in cotton trousers, barefoot and in his shirt-sleeves, was none other than Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna, one of the most remarkable men of modern times, whose unusual career furnishes the most lively topic for biography found on this continent. He was born in the beautiful city of Jalapa on June 13, 1792, and died in Mexico City on June 21, 1876. His parents were natives of Spain, and he was a full-blooded Spaniard, or creole, as they called Spaniards born in Mexico. His father had designed him for a merchant, but at fourteen he left the counting house and became a cadet attached to a regiment of Spanish soldiers at Vera Cruz. Here he had three

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years training, in which he acquired all the systematic education he ever had. In 1810, when the first revolution against Spanish sovereignty broke out in Mexico, Cadet Santa Anna, with his Vera Cruz regiment, was soon in action for "God and the King."

He was in some small engagements during 1810 to 1812 where he distinguished himself for gallantry, but his chief asset was a quick, insinuating cleverness by which he won attention from his superior officers.

In 1813, the revolution had been well suppressed in Mexico, and many insurgents found asylum in Texas, where they were joined by an expedition of American freebooters recruited from the states. The Vice Regal Government sent General Arredondo with a substantial force to suppress the remnant of the rebellion in Texas, and Cadet Santa Anna, now a sub-lieutenant in his 21st year, was with this command. The so-called republican army was encountered on the Medina River below San Antonio, and on August 17, 1813, was well routed; and the lieutenant for the first time saw an engagement between his countrymen and men from the United States of the North.

It has been said that the erroneous impression as to their relative fighting qualities which he got on the Medina, led him into miscalculations on the San Jacinto twenty odd years later.

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During the seven years which followed this Texas campaign, 1813-1820, he was in continuous service. Sometimes he was in long marches against scattered bands of insurgents who were fighting here and there in a desultory, disorganized way, but more often his campaigns were against brigands who infested every part of Mexico.

In 1821 he had seen eleven years of vigorous active military service and was yet under thirty.

Eighteen Hundred and Twenty-One.

Spanish Sovereignty seemed well established in Mexico at the close of 1820.

Only a few rebel leaders held out, and they were in hiding in the mountains. But, by one of the strangest freaks of human fortune, the aristocratic reactionary forces of the country, in league with the Catholic church, wrought the independence of Mexico in a single year; while the patriot forces, who had fought for ten long years, wholly failed.

In 1808 Napoleon had kicked out the Bourbon King of Spain and put his brother Joseph on the Spanish throne.

The Spanish people, who had long been bowed under the iron rule of their tyrant kings, had nothing to lose in the change, but the ruling class appealed frantically to patriotic pride and aroused the nation against the foreign French usurper.

Once aroused, the people who drove Bonaparte

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out of Spain insisted on a more democratic government, and when the Bourbon King Ferdinand VII was restored, it was under a constitution which went a long way toward recognizing the sovereignty of the people.

This was an awful blow to the Catholic church in Spain, and the fear came upon the church leaders in Mexico that Spanish sovereignty there might bring with it the new liberal ideas of the Spanish constitution. Then, too, the Catholic church in Mexico was fabulously wealthy, and held in lands and houses and gold almost one-third of all the wealth of the country. Spain was impoverished after the wars of Napoleon, and had lost many of its South American colonies; and there was grave apprehension in Mexico that the wants of the mother country might lead to a levy on this church wealth. There were more than six million native Indians in the country, and only a few hundred thousand Spaniards and persons of Spanish blood; and these millions of ignorant, thriftless peons were the slaves of an aristocracy which had flourished under Spanish rule. These wealthy autocrats and the autocratic church party conceived the idea that they could best care for themselves by overthrowing Spanish sovereignty and keeping the Spanish constitution out of Mexico; and, in the fair name of liberty, they planned an independent despotism where a coterie of Spanish families and a powerful

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clergy would rule over these millions of Indian vassals to their hearts' content. Their ambition was to *make Mexico safe for autocracy.* They looked about for a suitable patriot to lead Mexico to this new freedom, and found him in Iturbide.

Augustin de Iturbide had been a successful commander of the Royalist forces, and had been called the Prince Rupert of the Spanish army in Mexico.

He had been "recalled," and was in retirement on account of serious charges that he had embezzled monies and for other irregularities.

During his retirement, and under the inspiration of these reactionary influences, he conceived the idea of turning patriot, though the hour did not seem propitious.

So he applied himself to the viceroy for a command, and was apt in his suggested schemes for ending what remained of the rebellion.

His past irregularities in money matters were easily overlooked; and he was soon in the entire confidence of Apodaca, the Spanish Viceroy, who supplied him with men and means, and dispatched him to the south, to the command of a district which lay toward the Pacific Coast; for somewhere in these mountains Guerrero, the half-breed patriot leader, was in hiding with a small insurgent force.

And so it happened that the close of the year 1820 found Colonel Iturbide with three thousand

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men in the mountain country near where he was born, ostensibly ready to end the revolution, and restore Spanish sovereignty in these regions.

In February, 1821, he was in a place called Iguala, and, having communicated with Guerrero, he published his celebrated decree, called the Plan of Iguala, and openly espoused the role of patriot.

His defection created great consternation in Royalist ranks and caused other Spanish officers to follow suit. Patriots, like Guadalupe Victoria, and Nicolas Bravo, and Herrera, came out of hiding; and in a very few months leaders in various parts of the country had pronounced for the Plan of Iguala.

This scheme declared first, for the independence of Mexico, which should be a constitutional or limited monarchy. Second, "Its religion shall be Catholic, which all its inhabitants profess." Third, that Ferdinand VII, then King of Spain, should be the emperor of Mexico; but should he not present himself and take the oath within the time fixed by the Mexican cortes, then the Infante Carlos, or some other member of the royal family, should be accorded the privilege. Pending the arrival of some Bourbon prince under this broad invitation, Mexico should be ruled by a committee or Junta provided for in the proclamation. It was declared the covenant of the three guaranties, Religion, In-

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dependence and Union; and with these catchy phrases, the plan went marching on.

Iturbide had the sympathy of the clergy, the secret well wishes of the aristocracy and the noisy, enthusiastic support of the proletariat.

He had the support of the Masonic Lodges, which were then, and for years after, powerful political forces in Mexico.

One of the first Royalist supporters to imitate Col. Iturbide was Anastacio Bustamente, who joined his standard in March, bringing with him more than 6,000 men.

The movement which came out of the South in February was spreading rapidly; and Davila, the Royalist governor of Vera Cruz, strengthened his defenses, and, hearing that a Revolutionary force was assembling at Orizaba, sent against it a crack company of infantry, reinforced by one of lancers, under the command of Brevet Captain Santa Anna.

The captain was successful in a small skirmish on March 29th, but the next day he had an interview with Colonel Herrera, of the Revolutionary army, and overnight he too became a patriot.

With his usual energy, he began proclaiming for the Plan of Iguala, and sixty days later he had accumulated a large force and entered his native city of Jalapa, from which place he and others issued a wordy proclamation, calling for vengeance

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for the wrongs inflicted on Montezuma by the Spaniards just three hundred years before.

Bustamente gives Santa Anna high credit with motives of friendship and gratitude toward his former patron Davila, the Spanish Governor at Vera Cruz. "Nothing terrified him more than the considerations and regards and gratitude which he owed to General Davila, governor of the place, to whom he was indebted from very remote times for favors without number." In his memoirs, Santa Anna speaks of this Gethsemane with his characteristic emotional utterance:

"Don Jose Davila, generous in character, judging me in danger, attempted to save me, to which effect he sent an amnesty and flattering offers. Such kindness from the old general who loved me as a son touched my heart. Ah! painful moment, fixed in my memory! In this moment of trial, patriotism superseded all other sentiments. I clung steadfastly to my purpose. All flattery and allurements being far from my vision, I saw only a situation fraught with immense difficulties."

Having, however, overcome these personal considerations, he was soon on his way to Vera Cruz, where a Spanish garrison yet held out. His attack on Vera Cruz met with stern resistance, and a sharp defeat; and he retired to Cordoba and awaited developments, while the country all about became infected with insurrection.

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After his defeat at Vera Cruz, and while he was encamped in the mountains above and in sight of the city, he had recourse to a verbal assault, which for the time being was the best he could do against the rebellious city, and from the heights at Cordoba, he wrote in melancholy strain:

"Oh, Vera Cruz, the word of thy extermination will henceforth be the cry of thy combatants. In all Juntas and senates the votes of thy ruin will be made in their deliberations.

"Carthage ought to make you dread her memory; but Carthage never offended Rome as Vera Cruz does Mexico. But Romans had Scipios, God protect you."

During the interval between March, when he became a patriot, and July following, he was constantly on the go, fighting numerous small battles and vigorously forwarding the cause of liberty.

The historian, Bustamente, speaking of one of these engagements where Colonel Santa Anna figured conspicuously in his own report of the day's activities, says: "He did nothing but stand on a hill nearby, and command a coronet which sounded the *deguello*"—the assassin or no quarter song—But in any event, he became one of the most conspicuous figures of the revolution, and it was now generally known that he was to be reckoned with in Mexican affairs. Iturbide made him a Brigadier-

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General and Governor of Vera Cruz, after he had captured the fortress of Perote in October, 1821.

On the last day of July, 1821, Don Juan Odonoju, a Lieutenant-General in the armies of Spain and one of the most distinguished subjects of Ferdinand VII, landed at Vera Cruz, the 62nd and last of the Spanish viceroys.

The revolution, under the impetus given it by the apostacy of Iturbide, had gained such force that all the country outside of Vera Cruz was controlled by the rebels, and the new viceroy could not make his way to the capitol. Shut up in Vera Cruz, where the yellow fever was raging, he was in a very unhappy state, and Santa Anna tendered his good offices to arrange a meeting between the viceroy and Iturbide, which was held at Cordoba on August 3d, 1821. Santa Anna escorted the viceroy to Cordoba, and sat in the conferences, and greatly assisted in the understanding which was reached. His engaging manner greatly appealed to General Odonoju, who was himself a master diplomat.

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The Empire.

The Plan of Iguala did not contemplate a popular government, but a Catholic monarchy under a Bourbon prince. This was to be a kind of a half way separation from Spain.

The plan called for a Junta of thirty-six men to govern until congress could be assembled and it could be known whether the Spanish Monarch would come or send some member of his family to become emperor of Mexico.

This Junta assembled on September 28, 1821, chose the liberator Iturbide as its president, and selected a committee of five to act as a regency and exercise executive power pending the arrival of a Spanish prince. General Odonoju was chosen a member of this committee of five; but within a week he died, and with him went the last semblance of Spanish rule in Mexico.

There were Spanish garrisons at Perote and Vera Cruz, which had not acquiesced in Odonoju's capitulation, and Colonel Santa Anna took formal possession of Perote in the name of the new government on October 9th; after which he was made a general, and promptly marched to Vera Cruz, which was surrendered to him on the 27th, but he spared it the awful fate he had predicted in his message from Cordoba a few months before. The fortress of San Juan de Ulla at Vera Cruz, gar-

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risoned with Spanish soldiers, held out for a year longer.

He remained in command of the forces in Jalapa and Vera Cruz, spending some time at his estate and awaiting developments, which came thick and fast.

The first congress selected under the Plan of Iguala assembled in February, 1822, and with it came the dissentions which have rended Mexico a hundred years. Though the country had accepted the Plan of Iguala, with its proposed Spanish Monarch, yet the sentiment for a Republic was rife, and at once the Royalists and Republicans were up and at each other's throats.

The Spanish Government repudiated Odonoju's capitulation, and the idea of a Bourbon Prince was abandoned; whereupon Iturbide conceived that he might capitalize the monarchial sentiment for his own behalf, and he contrived to have himself made emperor of Mexico by a sad solemn ceremony celebrated on the 19th of May, 1822.

Amidst the turbulent scenes, which witnessed his coronation, over the loud protests of the Republican leaders, Stephen F. Austin, a young American coming from San Antonio, Texas, reached the capitol seeking to have the new government confirm a grant which the Spanish commandant at Monterey had made his father a year before, to colonize three hundred American families in Texas.

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When Iturbide had executed the coup which made him emperor, he had congratulations from the old half-breed warrior Patriot Guerrero, and many other leaders who soon turned on him, among them his general, Santa Anna, who was then stationed at Jalapa. He wrote the emperor a feeling letter, in which he said: "Long live your Majesty, and may this expression be so pleasing that the great name of Augustin the First may outlive our grandsons." And in a proclamation, which he issued in Jalapa at the same time, he declared: "I can not restrain my excess of joy at this measure so conducive of the general good. Let us hasten to swear allegiance to the immortal Iturbide as Emperor—let us multiply our voices full of joy and repeat without cessation of pleasure, 'Long live Augustin the First, Emperor of Mexico'."

These fervid utterances were made in June, 1822. In December he started a revolution, which overthrew the Empire, declaring: "I feel impelled to separate myself from your command, because your absolute government is about to fill my beloved country with horrors."

The Republican sentiment found a powerful influence in the Masonic orders which pervaded Mexico at that time; and indeed these secret lodges became a kind of invisible empire for the spread of democratic sentiment for the overthrow of Iturbide.

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The congress, which assembled in February, by a tardy majority ratified the empire; but in May became unfriendly to the new government, and so obstructive of imperial plans that his Majesty dissolved it by force of arms in October. In its stead he chose a committee of forty-five from those members who were friendly to his ideas; and with this Junta he proceeded to rule for a few more turbulent months.

But the Republican conspirators, the Masons' lodges and the obstreperous congress were not all of the Emperor's troubles.

General Santa Anna was governor of Vera Cruz, where he remained with his troops after occupying the city in October. The fortress of San Juan de Ulla was yet occupied by a Spanish garrison, though the city had been taken by Santa Anna with rebel forces a year before. The fortress was quite impregnable, and all efforts to reduce it had failed, though indeed these efforts had not been very formidable.

The general had tried to bribe the Spanish commandant to surrender, but the negotiations were not concluded.

Echavarri was captain-general of the Eastern provinces including Vera Cruz, and as such Santa Anna's superior officer.

After Santa Anna's failure to bribe the Spanish commander at the fortress to surrender, he then

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proposed to surrender the City of Vera Cruz to him, and arrangements went forward for this treasonable event.

In the meantime, he advised his superior, Echavarri, of his negotiations with the Spanish commander, and arranged for Echavarri to be present and capture the Spaniard when he came out to keep his tryst with Santa Anna to accept the surrender of the city.

General Echavarri with a small escort stationed himself as instructed. The Spanish Commander Lemaur came out to the appointed place at the appointed time to meet Santa Anna; but he did not show up, and the Spanish soldiers came near capturing old General Echavarri and his escort, who only escaped by taking to their heels. Echavarri was a crusty old person with no sense of humor, and did not relish this episode.

He believed that Santa Anna had laid this plot to get him killed and succeed him as captain-general of the Eastern provinces; and he so reported the affair to the Emperor, who, though he decided to remove Santa Anna from command, did not dare do so at once. He considered the matter of sufficient importance to go in person to Jalapa, so set out from the capitol in November, and had Santa Anna meet him at Jalapa, where he arranged for him to give up his command, and report for duty at the capitol.

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These arrangements perfected, the emperor embraced him, and declared: "I return to Mexico, Santa Anna, where I await you, to make your fortune for you." But he did not want the emperor to make his fortune for him.

Then, as ever afterwards, he was essentially the architect of his own fortune; and though he appointed himself to be in the City of Mexico in due time to receive this proferred bounty, nevertheless in a few hours he was riding hard toward Vera Cruz, forty miles away, to start the first of that endless series of Mexican revolutions.

Santa Anna in his memoirs makes scant mention of this meeting, merely saying: "He set out for Jalapa to draw me from the province where I was causing him concern."

While Santa Anna and the Emperor were sitting at their conference at Jalapa, one of Iturbide's aides entering the room severely reprimanded General Santa Anna. "Senior Brigadier, in the presence of the Emperor, no one is allowed to be seated." The Emperor allowed this insult to go unreprimanded, though he had invited the general to sit with him, and as he rode toward Vera Cruz, he bitterly went over this scene, and repeated to himself: "We shall see, Senior Brigadier, if anyone is allowed to be seated in the presence of the Emperor."

By hard riding, he reached Vera Cruz ahead of

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the courier sent by Iturbide to announce his removal from command and induced an infantry regiment to join him in a revolt; and, backed by a single regiment, he declared for a Republican form of government, and as Bancroft observes, sounded the death knell of the empire.

The Emperor declared Santa Anna a traitor, and sent soldiers to suppress him, but all Mexico was soon in flame against Imperialism. The patriot Guadalupe Victoria joined the revolution.

Moving from Vera Cruz with success, Santa Anna occupied the intervening places and reached Jalapa on December 21, 1882, where he encountered the emperor's forces and was defeated. So thoroughly was he beaten that he escaped with only eight dragoons, all that was left of his command.

In his headlong flight, he reached Puente del Rey, where Victoria was stationed with a small force, and in despair urged that they give up the revolution and escape by Vera Cruz to the United States. But the old leader bade him go put Vera Cruz in a state of defense, and remain there, and, "when they show you my head, then you can set sail."

In January the half-breed patriot Guerrero and Nicolas Bravo joined the insurgents.

The Emperor had all the better of the situation early in 1823, and might have triumphed but for the powerful and persistent influence of the Masonic lodges everywhere working for a republic.

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These forces wrought upon the commanders of the Emperor's armies and brought on an understanding with them which was his undoing; and on March 19th, after a reign of ten months, he signed his abdication. He went into exile, spending some months in Europe, but returning to Mexico the next year, was captured in Tamaulipas, where the state authorities had him shot at Padilla in July, 1824.

Thus ended the Empire, but the prospect for the Republic was not auspicious. A writer of the times says: "The people were poor and uneducated; the aristocracy was rich, supercilious, and for the most part equally illiterate. It was a society without a middle ground, in which gold stood out in bold relief against rags." "Mexico," said a writer of that day, "is a beggar sitting on a pot of gold."

Santa Anna was now a national character, though he was not trusted by the older leaders and had little part in the formation of the Republic which he was first to proclaim. He says in his memoirs:

"Arbiter in these moments of the destiny of my country, I did not fail in a single point in keeping to the program I had published when I proclaimed the Republic."

De Zavala has written a history of this epoch, and speaking of him says: "He is a man who has a principle of action which impels him always to work, and, as he has no fixed principles or regu-

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lated system of public conduct, for want of information, always rushes into extremes in contradiction of himself. He does not think over his actions or calculate the results, and often throws himself into rash enterprises with no appearance of success."

Iturbide, under a combination of the influences already noted, had achieved Mexican Independence for the purpose of founding a despotism as absolute as that of the Spanish viceroys, and untainted by the liberalism of the Spanish constitution of 1814. But Santa Anna had started the movement which began the Republic. Had he been a man of high character and fixed principles, like Washington, or even a consistent despot like Cromwell, Mexico might have had a different history. General Odonoju, who came to know him very well in 1821, when negotiations for acknowledgment of independence were under way, and who observed his tireless energy and brilliant parts, remarked: "This young man will live to make his country weep."

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The Republic.

Upon the abdication of the Emperor, a triumvirate of military men headed by the patriot Guadalupe Victoria assumed control of affairs, and the congress which had been banished in October, was reassembled in March, 1823, and plans were put in progress for the formation of a constitution for a republic. An election for a new congress was held in June, and it assembled in October.

In the interim, the leaders like Victoria, Bravo and others, who desired a stable government, foregathered at the capitol and lent their influence to the restoration of order. But Santa Anna was not among them. He remained at Vera Cruz for a time, fraternizing with the military forces stationed there, for a Spanish garrison still held the fortress de Ulla, which could neither be captured nor bribed.

The general stirred about in the eastern provinces; and under the guise of promoting the revolution, which had already succeeded, he raised a great disturbance at San Luis Potosi, where he sought to set up a protectorate, or some kind of an ad interim government, to administer affairs pending reconstruction.

It was charged then, and published again in later years, that he entertained notions of having himself made Emperor in the place of Iturbide, and

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that henchmen of his started the cry in the streets of San Luis, "Long live Anthony the First." But failing to get a second to this motion, he moved along less ambitious lines. His actions, however, brought down on him the attention of the struggling de facto government, and he was summoned to the capitol to give an account of himself. He remained in the City of Mexico for several months, during the turbulent times which filled the autumn of 1823, while those working for order were pacifying the country and organizing the constitution.

He was never in their councils or their confidence; and during all of this formative period, following independence in 1821, there is no record of any constructive suggestion from him, or of any patriotic disinterested service.

There were intense cross currents of class hatred and ancient enmities at work which impeded the organization of a stable government, among them the hatred of the Indian population towards the Spaniards; and throughout the country there were organized efforts directed toward the expulsion of all Spaniards and confiscation of their property. In several places, open riots and attacks on the government broke out, inspired by persons who capitalized this enmity toward Spain and the Spaniards.

Late in January, 1824, grave disturbances occurred in the capitol where Lobato led an insur-

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rection against the Spaniards and the government and everybody in general. At a time when it seemed critical, and that the disorder might prove fatal to constituted authority, Santa Anna, who had been haled into the capitol a month before, to answer for the trouble he was making at San Luis Potosi, tendered his kindly offices to mediate between the insurrectors and the government; but he was gravely suspected, and in fact openly charged with having instigated the whole trouble, although he was generally acquitted of the charge.

General Victoria, well knowing his boundless capacity for mischief, sent him to command the troops in Yucatan, as far from the capitol as he could get him He was chosen governor of the state by the local Junta, and served as military governor for a time.

In the midst of disorder everywhere, the first Mexican constitution, ever known as the Constitution of 1824, was drawn, debated and adopted; and Guadalupe Victoria was elected under it president of the Republic, his term beginning in October, 1824.

But the country was poorly prepared for any kind of liberal or constitutional government. A vast population of millions of ignorant Indians, with a comparatively small mixed breed and Spanish citizenry, afforded fine prospects for social disorder.

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Joel Poinsett of South Carolina was the first minister to Mexico from the Washington government, and he came shortly after the Republic started on its constitutional career. Mexican historians of this period ascribe unusual things to this unusual man, and indeed his activities in local politics became so great that he was quite a storm center, and was later recalled at the instance of the Mexican government.

Mr. Poinsett was a remarkable man, and the obscurity which shrouds his name in this generation is a sad reminder of the emptiness of human greatness. He was born in Charleston, S. C., in 1779, and was the last of his family, which was of Huegenot descent. Thoroughly educated at home, and abroad, he traveled widely in Europe and Asia, and was offered a commission in the armies of the Czar.

Returning home in 1809, after travels which were remarkable for that day, he was sent by the United States government on a mission to Chile, and became involved in the revolution then in progress in Chile and Peru, and came home across the Andes. He served as a member of congress from South Carolina, and was an envoy to Mexico during the reign of Iturbide, and was sent back as our minister to Mexico during the Victoria administration. He was a physician, diplomat, soldier, scientist, botanist and statesman, and served

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as Secretary of War in the cabinet of Van Buren. While in Mexico, he discovered the beautiful, brilliant plant which bears his name, and which flourishes in our southern winter gardens, the Poinsettia Pulcherrima. Madam Calderon, while in Mexico in 1839, was shown a grove of beautiful elms which she was told had been planted by Mr. Poinsett, who had introduced the species into Mexico.

It is said that Mr. Poinsett began the organization of lodges of York rite Masons in Mexico, and indeed these lodges sprang up everywhere in a short time, and there ensued a bitter rivalry between the Scottish rite and York rite institutions, all of which were no more than secret political clubs.

The opposing forces and factions in political life, conservative and liberal, Monarchists and Republicans, were soon fighting each other as Yorkinas and Escocesses (Scottish), a strange line of cleavage.

In a short time, they "were like two armies facing each other in battle array."

Out of these struggles came a sentiment for the suppression of secret orders, and the expulsion of objectionable foreigners.

The latter movement was directed at the leading Spaniards, who for their protection had identified themselves with the Scottish rite lodges. Mr. Poinsett was charged to be the inspiration of the

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Yorks, and had brought from the United States the first charter for a York lodge. Santa Anna identified himself with the Yorks, though he disavowed any affiliation with any secret order. It is known, however, that he gave the distress signal of the Masonic order when he was brought in a prisoner at San Jacinto in 1836, and it has been a tradition in Texas that this signal given to John A. Wharton, who had founded the first Masonic lodge in Texas, saved the Mexican president.

In 1824, he had been sent down to Yucatan to get him out of the way, but he was no sooner there than he began his usual irregular tactics. Among other things he planned a freebooting expedition against Cuba, and Victoria moved him again, and he came home to his plantations, where he carefully laid his plans to control a sufficient military organization to support his ambitious aims. When it was reported at the capitol that Governor Santa Anna was planning a sea voyage to attack the Spanish city of Havana, Pedraza, the minister of war in Victoria's cabinet, said: "Let him go; if he wins, it will be a Mexican triumph against Spain. If he is lost at sea, all well, we will be rid of him." And indeed it would have been well for Pedraza if he had been lost in the bottom of the sea. Upon his return to Vera Cruz in 1827, he was married to Dona Yanez de la Paz Garcia. The Victoria administration was one of the few in the history of

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Mexico which was not overthrown. Though it was beset with strife and turmoil, it weathered the storm, and in 1828, the Mexican states, acting under the Constitution of 1824, chose between Gomez Pedraza, a conservative of Spanish blood, and the Indian Guerrero. Pedraza was elected president, but Santa Anna led a revolt and he was not permitted to serve.

The conservative and more intelligent element, and property owners everywhere, supported Pedraza. The church, fearing spoliation at the hands of a regime headed by Guerrero, opposed his election.

Then and for years to come the church, "Our Adorable Religion," as Santa Anna called it, was the one conservative force in Mexico. It had great privilege, and vast wealth at stake in every change of government. Its masterful hold on the life of the nation is aptly illustrated in the following experiences related by Madame Calderon, which show the extreme range of its power in Mexican life from pleasure to penance. She tells of her Whitsunday visit to the annual gambling fete at San Augustine, one of the suburbs of the capitol:

"In Mexico, the love of gambling is inherent with man, woman and child. The beggars gamble at the corners of the streets or under the arches; the little boys gamble in groups in the villages; the coachmen and footmen gamble at the doors of the theatre

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while waiting for their masters. So that the fete of San Augustine is founded on a solid foundation. The church sanctifies and sets aside three days annually in which every accommodation is given to those who would ruin themselves in mad chance, and the churches and gambling houses are thrown open. The high road is filled with vehicles of every kind, and many come mounted, while thousands trudge on foot. The president in his coach and six; the generals and their staffs. All around the square are gambling houses, every table occupied. At the principal tables, nothing is played but gold, but there are silver tables in the inferior houses, while outside are rows of tables on which are heaps of copper, surrounded by leperos and blanketed Indians.

"The cockpit showed an animated scene, where men and women took bets. I saw a millionaire win and lose a thousand ounces of gold with perfect composure."

And in strange extreme from this gay scene, where the church dignified the national pleasure, she tells of a penance which she witnessed in one of the great churches:

"The men were assembled in the body of the church. A monk mounted the pulpit, the hall was dimly lighted, and he stood in bold relief, and powerfully discoursed upon the torments of hell. The whole appeared like preparation for the execution

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of a multitude of condemned criminals. The organ suddenly struck up the *Miserere,* and the church was plunged in darkness. Suddenly a terrible voice in the darkness cried out: 'My brothers, Christ was scourged by the Jews,' and they began scourging and lashing themselves. Now and then a groan would escape. Sometimes the organ struck up in the dark, and these poor wretches tried to sing the *Miserere.* At length the monk bade them desist, but their enthusiasm made them lash the harder. Suddenly, we heard the sounds of hundreds of scourges descending upon bare flesh. Before ten minutes, the sound became splashing from the blood that was flowing, and this awful penance continued for half an hour."

All Mexico was in the grasp of the awful power which ran with and ruled the pleasures, passions and prejudices of the people.

Poor, superstitious people, who lived in squalor, were awed at the elegance and splendor of the churches, which were resplendent with ornaments and effigies of silver and gold. The Indian who trudged along the dreary, dusty highway, could turn into the magnificent aisles of an ever open church, and hear soft strains of music from some invisible source, and hear mystic voices chanting prayers in an unknown tongue. These influences held the multitude for centuries.

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Revolution 1828.

Under the constitution of 1824, the legislature of the states elected the president and Pedraza had a majority of eleven out of eighteen states, which held elections against General Guerrero, the half-breed Indian patriot, who carried seven states.

But Mexico, then as now, did not know how to accept the result of an election peacefully.

Even before the result of the election was known, Santa Anna, who had lately been at his plantation awaiting developments, started a revolt against the seating of Pedraza. But in his initial skirmish with the government forces, the disaster which he suffered at the beginning of the Iturbide revolution was duplicated, and he was defeated and outlawed and fled across the mountains to Oaxaca, where, followed by government troops he would have been captured, but for a revolt in the capitol which made necessary a hurried recall of the forces after him. Having started the revolution, he now remained in the background, and let others finish it.

Guerrero's adherents seized the capitol, and for the first time in the history of Mexico, the soldiers and the rabble were bidden to pillage.

There was a quarter in one of the great plazas of the city where Spanish and other foreign merchants had their stores, known as the Parian. These merchants often performed the office of bankers

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and it was not infrequent that large sums of money were left with them by miners and other adventurers, who operated in the interior and along the west coast.

The sack of the Parian in December, 1828, worked the ruin of a class of dependable commercial men, who had for generations built up one of Mexico's greatest industries, and confirmed the worst fears which the property owning and wealthy class had of Guerrero and the faction which backed him.

Then, too, it brought on foreign claims by the subjects of other governments which made many complications in the years to come. Among those plundered was a French baker, and other French subjects, as well; and in 1838 the French government went to war with Mexico to collect these claims of its subjects, and this was derisively called in Mexico "The Pastry War," because of the baker's claim.

After a desultory warfare, which raged for some months, Pedraza, the lawfully elected president, was driven into exile; and in April, 1829, Guerrero, the half-breed Indian, backed by the radical element, and such designing persons as Santa Anna, became by force of arms the second president of Mexico. Poor Pedraza had hoped that Santa Anna might be lost at sea when he was planning an invasion of Cuba two years before, and many another Mexican

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president could have shared this watery wish. The general was for the time being well in favor with the new administration, and retained the command of the forces at Vera Cruz, and gave his efforts toward a military organization.

Early in July, 1829, news reached Vera Cruz that a Spanish army had landed at Tampico to accomplish the resubjection of Mexico. Indeed, the Spanish government had in a puerile way sent out a small force of 3000 men from Havana under one Isidoro Barrados with the delusion that there was a sentiment in Mexico which would rally to the support of Spanish authority. General Santa Anna, with his usual promptness, hurriedly raised a force of about two thousand men, and was on his way to Tampico to repel the invasion. He was joined by General Teran, who was returning from an official visit to Texas; and after a short spirited campaign, they compelled Barrados and his entire army of invasion to capitulate in September, thus ending the last spasmodic effort to restore Spanish sovereignty in Mexico.

Santa Anna had been made commanding general of the forces operating against the Spanish invasion, and now returned to Vera Cruz a conquering hero.

The old Indian president was a good man, and a patriot, but he had lent himself to a revolution which had exiled the lawful president, and placed himself in precarious power, and the bitter enmity

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of those who were robbed and wronged in the revolution and the conservative wealthy class of Mexicans was mustered for his ruin.

The acclamations for the defeat of the Spanish invasion were scarcely over, when invective and sedition were directed against him and Lorenza de Zavala, his secretary of treasury, and General Santa Anna, who was looked upon as the instigating conspirator in the overthrow of the exiled president.

And indeed Guerrero had the odium of Santa Anna's misdoings without his real support.

It has always been suspected that Santa Anna was organizing forces at Vera Cruz in July, 1829, to attack Guerrero's government, which he had so lately helped set up, when the timely Spanish invasion gave him an opporunity to turn it to patriotic purposes.

In the early autumn, when Guerrero's troubles were multiplying, General Santa Anna came up from Vera Cruz, and during his stay in the capitol, it was widely rumored that he was coming to declare against the government. However, he came out in an open statement, denying these intentions.

The first open attack on the Guerrero government came from Yucatan in November (1829), when the garrison at Campeche, the capitol of that province, openly demanded the abolition of a federal government, and the institution of a central military system.

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General Santa Anna was in Campeche at the time, and the insurgents sought to have him lead the revolt, but for once in his life he refused to lead a revolution, and unable to dissuade the leaders from their enterprise, he openly denounced them.

Vice President Bustamente, who in October had joined Santa Anna in a denial of revolutionary intentions, openly espoused an attack on the government in December.

General Santa Anna tried to dissuade Bustamente and his associates from turning on the government they had so lately set up, and seeing success in the revolt, surrendered his civil and military commissions under the Guerrero government, and retired to his estate at Manga de Clavo, to await results. He did not have long to wait, for the enemies of poor old Guerrero, with all the intensity of Spanish and Indian hatred, were bent on his destruction.

He had put himself at the head of a small force, and gone out to find the enemy. Santa Anna advised him against leaving the capitol, but the old Indian seemed to have lost his nerve, and deserted by his followers, he took a select troop of fifty horsemen, and rode south into the mountains where he had so often hidden from the Royalist troops during the long war for independence.

He yet had some followers in Vera Cruz who were not in sympathy with the revolt, and they

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sent to Manga de Clavo, and induced General Santa Anna to lead the local forces against the rebellion, and late in December he took the field and declared his intention to uphold the government—to defend Guerrero even to the death.

Before he could reach the capitol, his army was so thinned by desertion that he was unable to continue an offensive, and when news came that the president had gone south, and overtures having been made him by Bustamente, he declared his willingness to recognize the vice president as the head of the government, and retired to his plantation. The close of the year saw the poor old Indian president a fugitive, after having served less than eight months. On January 1, 1830, Vice President Bustamente assumed the presidency; and a year later, Guerrero having fallen a prisoner to the Bustamente government, was courtmartialed for a list of imaginary crimes, and shot at Cuilopa in Oaxaca on February 14, 1831.

Bustamente was now President, but he was anxious to have some alliance with Santa Anna, who yet remained at his plantation, professing indifference to outside affairs.

Again and again he declined office under the new government, and for nearly two years remained in this voluntary retirement. But he planned to make himself president of Mexico, and in due time employed the prevailing means of attacking Busta-

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mente, and driving him out of power, as he had done Iturbide and Pedraza.

Legitimacy.

Bustamente was an usurper. He had overthrown the Guerrero government, and seized the presidency. But Guerrero was an usurper; he with the aid of Bustamente and Santa Anna had driven into exile Pedraza, the legitimate president who was elected in 1828.

For two troubled years, the Bustamente government, posing as conservative, in reaction to the administration of the old Indian Guerrero, stumbled along. For these two years, General Santa Anna devoted himself to his plantations, though the government had repeatedly offered him positions and high office.

On January 2, 1832, Colonel Landero, of the Vera Cruz garrison, led a movement to invite the general to come in from his plantation, and accept leadership, to prevent the culmination of a catalogue of evils which were fully advertised, and attributed to Bustamente's ministers, who were charged with being *addicted to centralism.* The invitation was accepted, and two days later, the general modestly called these grievances to the attention of the president, with the generous offer to act as mediator in the interest of public peace; for the crime of being

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addicted to centralism could not be lightly passed over.

The government did not take kindly to the Vera Cruz suggestions, and retorted with the charge that Colonel Landero, the prime mover of the activity, was short in his accounts, and had planned a disturbance to hide his default.

But though defiant, Bustamente did not underestimate the danger of Santa Anna's defection, and sent deputations to dissuade him from embarking on an enterprise against the government. But he was not to be dissuaded, and a month later was at the head of a considerable force, on his way to the capitol.

On the 3rd of March, he met a government army of 3700 men at Telome, under General Calderon, and was signally defeated and his army routed.

He escaped with a small remnant and rode hard for Vera Cruz, where he arrived accompanied by half a dozen followers.

The American Consul at Vera Cruz wrote his government the same day: "Santa Anna has just entered the town, covered with sweat and dust, and almost alone. His army has been destroyed, but he looks as calm and cheerful as if he had met with no disaster."

Henry Tudor, an English traveler who was in Vera Cruz at this time, gives a sketch of Santa Anna and his insurgent army:

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"The cavalry was a complete mob of half starved peasantry, without shoes or stockings, coats or jackets, and often their few garments torn into rags, they look as though a wind would blow them away.

"Their accoutrements correspond with their attire, such as rusty swords, broken pikes, worn out firelocks, constituting the martial weapons of this ragged cavalcade."

The government forces did not follow up their success and occupy Vera Cruz, as they could easily have done; and while General Calderon waited, Santa Anna worked night and day to organize a new army; and when the belated pursuers arrived, he was ready to sustain a siege, which enabled him to hold out until the annual yellow fever epidemic came to his relief, and drove the besiegers back to the hills.

Santa Anna soon had the assistance of other leaders in other parts of the country, who had grievances against the Bustamente regime, which had indeed been *addicted to centralism,* and was autocratic to a high degree.

It now, in the midsummer of 1832, dawned on those who fomented the revolution, that Pedraza was the lawful president of Mexico, and that his term would not expire until the following April, 1833.

And all at once the armies of Santa Anna joined forces from Zacatecas, Jalisco, Durango and various

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other sections of the country in favor of "Legitimacy." That is, the restoration of the lawful president whom Santa Anna had driven into exile only four short years before.

In a bloody battle fought at Casas Blancas in November, Santa Anna defeated Bustamente's army. And on December 8, President Pedraza having returned from his four years exile, aided by his champion, General Santa Anna, a capitulation was forced on the usurper Bustamente, and the lawful president assumed the magistracy to serve out the remnant of his term, which would expire in less than four months. Santa Anna seeks to disavow his part in the restoration of Pedraza, and would leave the impression it was forced on him. He says:

"At this moment (when I was pursuing the victory) Pedraza appeared at my camp, and urged me to give up the pursuit. As he had been recognized as president by a majority of the states, I had to concede to his request. His intervention paralyzed my operations."

And so it happened that on the day after Christmas, 1832, Gomez Pedraza, the legitimate president, who had been driven out of office and into exile by Santa Anna four years ago, was by the prowess and permission of General Santa Anna, administered the oath of office as president, and issued an inaugural address full of eulogy to his latest champ-

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ion. He used his influence during the small fragment of his term to secure the election of Santa Anna as his successor.

The general retired to his farm, and when solicited to be a candidate for president, did so reluctantly.

"I am retired to my farm," he wrote, "and exclusively devoted to the cultivation and improvement of my small estate. Should I receive the majority of the votes at the ensuing election, I am ready to accept the honor and sacrifice to the nation my repose and the charms of private life."

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El Presidente.

The third presidential election under the constitution of 1824 was held in February, 1833, and Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna was chosen president, and Gomez Farias vice president. El Presidente was now thirty-eight, and with nearly a quarter of a century of military life behind him, had been a foremost figure in public affairs since the beginning of Mexican independence in 1821. His election was the triumph of the reaction against the autocratic government of Bustamente, which had itself been the reaction against the plebian rule of the Indian warrior Guerrero, who had under the instigation of Santa Anna and others seized the government from Pedraza, on the pretext that he (Pedraza) was an autocrat.

And so in this ridiculous alternation, the autocratic and radical forces of the country were pitted against each other, fighting almost constantly for superior power, furnishing six presidents in four years.

Santa Anna had posed as a liberal and against centralism. He led the revolution to unseat the emperor Iturbide in 1823, because he favored a republic.

He led the fight against seating Pedraza in 1829, after he was lawfully elected, supporting Guerrero, who was the candidate of the masses. He had

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headed the revolt against Bustamente in 1832, charging that *"He was addicted to centralism."*

He was heralded as the reform candidate in the elections of 1833, pledged to support the constitution of 1824.

Even in far away Texas, the colonists hailed the fall of Bustamente's arbitrary government, and the rise of General Santa Anna as a great republican triumph.

But El Presidente had no notion of being a constitutional president. He meant to be a despot and laid his plans accordingly. He did not present himself to take the oath of office on April 1, 1833, when his term lawfully began, but allowed his vice president, Gomez Farias, to assume the chief magistracy, he remaining for the while at his plantation. It was openly charged that he took this course to allow the odium of the proposed reforms for which he and his followers had declared to fall on Farias.

These reforms trenched on the army, and were directed at the clergy, whose influence was so great as to raise a storm, and a month later, May, 1833, he came up from Manga de Clavo, and took the oath of office, and assumed supreme authority. His proposed curtailment of the army and elimination of the clergy from civil affairs started a revolution in May. After El Presidente had been in the city only a few weeks, he deemed it necessary to go out

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against the insurgents who were raising a disturbance at Tlalpam and other places very near the capitol; and on May 26th he left the government in charge of his vice president, and boldly marched out to give battle to the reactionary forces who were fighting his reforms.

On May 30th he was at Tlalpam with 1000 cavalry, to meet the advocates of centralism, and vindicate the liberal ideas which he had championed so long.

On June 6th his troops mutinied, and took him prisoner, and in connivance with the very insurgents they had started out to fight, declared the captive President Dictator of Mexico.

This ruse was the signal for an uprising in the capitol and elsewhere by those who would overthrow the republic and force dictatorial powers on the new president.

But it lacked thoroughness, and his captors allowed him to escape after a detention of some weeks, and he returned to the capitol. In July, another revolution broke out in the north, led by wicked enemies of a republican government, openly declaring that such form of government was unsuited to Mexico.

El Presidente was off at once to suppress it, and after a series of battles, captured the whole rebellion, and came home in the early autumn to carry out his coveted reforms, which had been so wan-

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tonly interrupted by civil strife. But the year had been a strenuous one, and he retired to his plantation in December, again leaving the reform program to his vice president.

Farias was in earnest about restricting the powers and privileges of the army and clergy, and during these intervals, when the president was away on his campaigns, or recuperating from them, he was devoting his energies to such legislation and practices as would accomplish the promised reforms.

All the while the president was in league with the centralists, who would at the right time make him a dictator. His chief difficulty was in finding an excuse for changing the avowed principles of a lifetime, and discarding the slogan upon which he was elected, and adopting the principles of the government he had so lately overthrown, for being "addicted to centralism."

During his retirement, December, 1833, to May, 1834, he completed his plans for a public apostacy, and came up from his plantation and kicked out his vice president, and had him removed from office, and exiled, for having faithfully tried to carry out the reforms to which their administration was so openly pledged.

The clergy was busy day and night, and in every part of Mexico, during 1833 and 1834, to forestall the avowed purpose of the administration to "re-

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form" the church and curtail its activities in public affairs.

In May the reactionary forces published a plan at Cuernavaca, which pronounced against religious reform, and against all Masonic sects, and called on President Santa Anna, who came up from his plantation about this time to become president again, to "reorganize the nation."

El Presidente accepted the commission, and disbanded congress, deposed the governors of several states and assumed absolute power, all the while stoutly contending that the constitution of 1824 was to remain inviolate, but violating it at every turn. These high handed measures aroused much opposition, and on January 28, 1835, he tendered his resignation to a new congress, which had been elected under his regime; but congress could not be induced to accept it, but instead allowed him a leave of absence, and he put his vice president, General Barragan, in his stead, and retired to his plantation.

In October of that year congress formally passed a decree changing the form of government, and framed a new constitution to take the place of that of 1824, firmly establishing a central government, putting absolute power in the hands of the president, and abolishing the state governments.

It was the developments of 1834 and 1835, and the apostacy of Santa Anna, that brought on the revolution in Texas in 1835 and 1836.

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The close of the year 1835 found El Presidente in retirement at his plantation, his dupe General Barragan in authority at the capitol, and anarchy present everywhere throughout Mexico, following the congressional decrees changing the form of government.

News of the insurrection in Texas reached the capitol in the autumn of 1835, and Vice President Barragan and his cabinet made such preparations as they could in the midst of chaotic conditions for a campaign into Texas.

Then, as afterwards, they turned to El Presidente, though in temporary retirement, to lead the invasion, and as early as October, 1835, he began preparations for a march into Texas, and in December, while congress was changing the form of government, and inducting a new constitution, he was busy organizing his army of invasion.

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Texas.

When Mexico became independent in 1821, nearly half of the territory over which its sovereignty figuratively extended lay north of the Rio Grande, and a line due west to the ocean from where that river intersects the southern line of New Mexico.

Spain had done little to settle this vast region, or reclaim it from savagery. After the De Onis treaty in 1819, by which the Sabine was made the boundary between Texas and the United States, and this country had given up all claim to Texas, the Spanish authorities planned to have a territory along the border peopled with savage Indians, who would be friendly to Spain and hostile to the people of the states. By this childlike plan they hoped to people the border with Indian warriors who would keep the Americans out.

The Indian warriors came, all right, but they were wholly impartial in their enmities, and killed and scalped Mexicans and Americans with equal relish.

In December, 1820, Moses Austin, then living in Missouri, applied to the Spanish authorities for permission to colonize 300 American families in Texas, and the permission was granted by the Spanish commandant at Monterey, January 17, 1821. After the revolution succeeded in that year, Stephen F. Austin presented his father's petition

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to the new government, and it was ratified by Iturbide and the government which succeeded him in 1823. During the years 1823-1832, Mexico, both by national and state legislation, encouraged emigration from the states, and a comprehensive colonization code was adopted. The most liberal laws were passed allowing large land grants to permanent settlers and exempting them from taxation.

Under these liberal terms there was a rush of colonists, principally from the southern states, and in 1832 there were probably 20,000 Americans in South and East Texas.

The adoption of the Mexican constitution of 1824 had led these people to hope for a republican form of government, not unlike the one under which they had lived in the states. In fact, the people of Texas always stoutly insisted that there was an implied covenant in the colonial plan that the Mexican nation was to be a republic under the constitution of 1824.

Accustomed to a stable, orderly government, they were poorly prepared for the series of revolutions which prevailed from 1828 to 1832, in which Pedraza, the lawful president, was outlawed and exiled by Guerrero, and Guerrero in a few months overthrown and shot by Bustamente.

And they were loud in their criticisms of the autocratic government of this last named gentleman.

In 1832 Mexican military posts had been estab-

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lished at Velasco, at the mouth of the Brazos, and at Anahuac, at the head of Galveston Bay, and at Nacogdoches in East Texas.

The Mexican commandants at these ports were soon in bad odor with the colonists, and in that year all three of these garrisons were attacked and expelled from the country.

The news of this uprising of the colonists reached Mexico at the time that the war between Santa Anna and Bustamente was at its height, and though these worthies did not abate the fury of their conflict with each other, yet they joined in sending Colonel Mejia, a partisan of Santa Anna, with a force to reduce the rebellious colonists to subjection.

When Mejia's fleet arrived at the mouth of the Brazos in August, 1832, it was met by a deputation of Texans, who declared that the late unpleasantness was a demonstration in favor of General Santa Anna, and the constitution of 1824, and against Bustamente, who was gravely suspicioned even in Texas of being addicted to centralism.

The Texans believed in Santa Anna, for he had been the open champion of popular government since he led the revolt against Iturbide ten years before.

After Santa Anna's election to the presidency, they expected a fulfilment of his vows, and when

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he discarded the constitution in 1835, and joined the clergy and the army in the establishment of a central military government, the people of Texas organized a state government, and prepared themselves to resist the new regime.

At first they did not declare independence, but hoping and believing that there was a strong party in Mexico that would stand out against the overthrow of constitutional government and the dictatorship of Santa Anna, they met in convention in October, 1834, and declared fealty to the Mexican Republic, and the constitution of 1824, and against the usurpations of the dictator.

In the meantime, a Mexican army of about 1500 men had been sent to San Antonio, and Santa Anna planned as soon as he could get around to it, to send substantial garrisons to several points in Texas.

The colonists took the aggressive in the autumn of 1835, and drove the Mexican troops out of San Antonio.

El Presidente was now firmly fixed in power, and it aided his fame at home to lead an army against the rebellious American colonists, who had become an object of jealous aversion to most people in Mexico.

In December, 1835, he had retired to his estate for a much needed rest, leaving General Barragan,

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the new vice president, in charge of the government.

But he went actively to the organization of his army of invasion, and in January, 1836, was on his way towards the Rio Grande with an army of about 8,000 men.

An American merchant then resident of Mexico wrote:

"I was in one of the porticos of the palace, and saw the troops march out for Texas. They were well armed, and well clothed, and a well disciplined cavalry and fine train of artillery went out with them."

The Texas Campaign.

El Presidente crossed the Rio Grande at Laredo in February, 1836, and on the last day in that month his advance guard camped in sight of San Antonio, where a small garrison of about 180 men were fortified in an old stone mission called the Alamo. William B. Travis was in command of the fortress, and among its defenders were James Bowie and David Crockett.

As soon as the artillery could be brought up, he bombarded this fortress, and refusing to surrender, it was assaulted on March 6th, and all of its defenders slain.

On the same day, he made a report to his Secretary of War:

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"The fortress is now in our power, and the corpses of more than 600 foreigners were buried in the ditches. A great many who escaped the bayonet of the infantry fell under the sabres of the cavalry. I can assure your excellency that few are those who bear their associates the tidings of disaster. Among the corpses are those of Bowie and Crockett and Travis, who styled themselves Colonels.

"Nor shall we hereafter suffer any foreigners whatever may be their origin to pollute our soil."

After this success, he planned to return to Mexico and leave to his generals the further subjugation of Texas, which he professed to think was now about complete. But Almonte dissuaded him, and he went on further east. He had sent Urrea, with about 1500 men, into Texas, by Matamoros, and soon after the fall of the Alamo, this force encountered a Texan army of about 400 men under Colonel J. W. Fannin, near Goliad, and after a battle the Texans surrendered at discretion, under assurance, however, of humane treatment.

When tidings of the capitulation were brought to Santa Anna, who was yet at San Antonio, he upbraided Urrea for his recommendations of clemency, and gave orders that the captives be executed, and on March 27, 398 of the prisoners were marched out to face a firing squad, and all but 34, who escaped, were shot to death.

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El Presidente sought in various ways in later years to escape the odium of this awful act, but never succeeded in giving any excuse which even remotely did so.

It was thought in Texas at the time, and for years after, that Fannin had surrendered with terms that he and his men were to be treated as prisoners of war. No copy of the articles of capitulation were available, and the original was with Urrea, and when Santa Anna was brought before General Houston at San Jacinto a month later, Houston upbraided him for having violated the terms of the surrender. He sought to shift the responsibility of the disaster to Urrea, declaring that Urrea had not told him that they had so surrendered, but had represented that the capitulation was at discretion of the Mexican commander, and that an act of the Mexican congress recently passed made it obligatory upon all officers in the field to deal with persons found in arms against the government in Texas as outlaws. In both of these statements he was correct. Urrea had truthfully told him that Fannin's men surrendered at discretion, but had recommended mercy, and El Presidente had sharply reprimanded him for the suggestion. There was such a statute as he cited, but neither constitution nor statutes ever bound El Presidente unless he wanted to be bound.

In his long career he was not habitually cruel,

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but often so, and the butchery at Goliad stands out as one of the greatest crimes ever committed on this continent.

In his memoirs, he makes the astounding statement: "Urrea announced his triumph over Fannin in a dispatch which concluded: 'Since the adventurers who entered Texas in order to further the revolution are outside the law, the prisoners have been shot.' This was based on the law of November, 1835, in compliance with which the war in Texas was waged without quarter." He here says for the first time that Urrea had shot the prisoners on his own responsibility, before reporting the capture. This, like many other statements in the old man's memoirs, was false.

Persuaded by Almonte that the war in Texas was not necessarily over after the victories at the Alamo and Goliad, El Presidente, with his usual dash and rashness, divided his forces and rode on into the heart of the colonies.

He sent one division under Gaona to scour the country towards the north. Other reinforcements were sent to Urrea, who was advised to beat the brush along the coast country via Matagorda and Brazoria. He rode towards San Felipe on the Brazos, the seat of the Colonial government.

The success at the Alamo and Goliad gave the Mexican generals great assurance. An evidence of the bitter contempt in which they held the Texans

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is illustrated in his reference to their "polluting the soil," and in the following from Urrea's address to his army before the battle at Goliad:

"Fellow citizens:

"I must inform you what kind of an enemy you have to fight. This horde of marauders, the dregs and off-scourings of the American people, came out of their own accord to commit their depredations against us, who have never offended them."

And even in his memoirs, written forty years later, Santa Anna refers to the Texans as filibusterers, and quotes from Sesma's report:

"The filibusterer Houston and his gang are still on the other side of the Colorado, as if awaiting something."

While he was investing the Alamo in March, a convention of delegates from the Texas municipalities met at Washington on the Brazos, and, on March 2nd, declared Texas independent of Mexico, and set up a republic, formulating a constitution and naming a provisional government.

David G. Burnet, formerly of New Jersey, was chosen president, and Lorenza de Zavala, famous in Mexican affairs for the last decade, but now a resident of Texas, was made vice president.

Sam Houston, lately come to Texas from the States, was made commander in chief of the army of the republic, though there was no army at the time to command.

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On Sunday morning, March 6, 1836, about the same hour the Alamo fell, Houston left the Brazos, accompanied by three horsemen, and rode to Gonzales on the Guadalupe, where a few hundred volunteers were camped.

He was met there with news of the destruction of the garrison at the Alamo, and loading all the munitions of war on a wagon, drawn by two oxen, he started a retreat toward the Colorado. News of the Alamo and Goliad struck terror into the hearts of the colonists, and everywhere they fled from their homes, going towards Louisiana, leaving all behind, hurrying as fast as the tedious travel of that day would permit.

Santa Anna came on to San Felipe de Austin, on the Brazos, but at his approach Houston had abandoned the town, and it was burned, and the fires were yet smoldering when the Mexicans arrived. Heavy rains had swollen the river so that he could not cross, nor could he follow Houston's retreat up the valley of the Brazos.

At San Felipe, Santa Anna learned on what he considered good authority, that Houston did not mean to give him battle, but was fleeing to the Louisiana border. In his report, he writes:

"Houston is in the woods at Groce's, eleven leagues away, with only 800 men, who have stuck to him, and he intends to retire across the Trinity, if we cross the Brazos. He is intimidated by the

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successive triumphs of our army and terrified by our rapid movements.''

He heard that President Burnet and De Zavala and other members of the provisional government had gone to Harrisburg, a village on Buffalo Bayou, in the suburbs of the present City of Houston, and he seemed more anxious to cross the river and capture the government than to follow the small army under Houston, for he seemed to regard this so-called army negligible as a military force.

Thinking it would be a fine triumph to return to Mexico with a captive president, or more likely to send a report home of having stood the provisional goverment before a firing squad, he turned down the Brazos, seeking a crossing, which he found near Richmond, about 30 miles below San Felipe.

He hurried across with six hundred cavalry, and rode hard to Harrisburg, 30 miles away, leaving Sesma with 1,000 men to await his return, which he ventured would not be more than three days.

The government had moved on to Galveston Island, and on the 17th of April, he left Harrisburg, going toward Galveston Bay, hoping to overtake some of the fugitives, and indeed he came near doing so, for President Burnet was so hard pressed that he escaped in a skiff while Mexican soldiers were firing at him.

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Houston, who had gone up the river, when the Mexicans marched on San Felipe, had crossed, and come down toward Harrisburg from the north, while El Presidente was approaching it from the west, and arrived on the north bank of the bayou opposite Harrisburg the day after the Mexicans had gone down to the Bay.

Learning that Santa Anna had passed on with only a small portion of his army, General Houston crossed the bayou at Harrisburg and followed the stream on down to its confluence with the San Jacinto where he camped on the 19th.

Santa Anna afterwards reported that he understood while at New Washington (Morgan's Point) that Houston would try to cross the river at Lynchburg, going on further east, and that he moved up to occupy that place, and prevent a crossing. Houston thought that Santa Anna would cross there, for he could not cross below, and he moved down that far, to prevent his crossing.

On the morning of the 20th, he having turned back from his Bayshore drive, came in sight of the Texas camp, and in a leisurely fashion, pitched his camp on the high ground, about a mile away, there being an intervening space of low, wet ground.

Here he awaited reinforcements, and on the morning of the 21st was joined by General Cos, with 500 men, who had been following him. His total force did not exceed 1500. He had divided and

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scattered his army, and ridden so far and so fast that it could not keep up with him. Though he had come into Texas with eight thousand men, at this hour, Urrea with 1500 was coming along the coast 100 miles to the south. Filisola with 2,000 was below San Felipe, seeking a crossing of the Brazos. Sesma with 1,000 was at Richmond, 30 miles away, waiting his return in three days. Gaona with 700 or more was at LaGrange, 100 miles to the northwest.

But he seemed to despise rather than fear the inconsiderable forces before him. Houston had only 783 men when he crossed the bayou on the 19th, and few of them had ever been in a battle.

El Presidente took his noon day siesta as usual on the 21st, and slept rather late in the afternoon, and when the Texans charged, he and his staff, as well as most of the men, were asleep. Those who were not asleep were wholly at rest, many of them scattered about the woods and environs, as though on a picnic. The cavalry were riding bareback, taking their horses to water.

The small Texas army was quickly marshalled for a charge about 4 o'clock, and was half way across the mile between them before the Mexicans suspicioned that they had such intentions.

There was the utmost confusion when the Texans dashed upon the wholly unprotected camp. The Mexican army made no defense and the entire force

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was killed or captured or scattered over the prairies. A member of his staff who afterwards wrote an account of the battle says: "Then I saw his excellency running about in the utmost excitement, wringing his hands, unable to give an order."

He escaped from the field well mounted, and rode as far as Vince Bayou, four miles away, where his horse was mired.

He afterwards gave the following terse account of these events:

"I alighted from the horse and concealed myself in a thicket of dwarf pine. Night came, and I crossed the creek with water up to my waist. I found a house that had been abandoned, and some articles of clothing, which enabled me to change my apparel. At eleven A. M. the next day, I was crossing a large plain and my pursuers overtook me."

On the morning after the battle, small parties of Texans were riding the prairies, gathering up fugitive Mexicans, and searching for Santa Anna and Cos, when one of these detachments of three or four men came upon a Mexican dressed in a mean garb, and endeavoring to hide himself in the tall grass.

One of the captors threatened to shoot him, and they rather brutally ordered him to walk ahead of them toward the camp about four miles away. He was barefoot, and the stubble so hurt his feet that

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he could not walk well, and one of them pricked him with a bayonet. Seeing that he was walking with much pain, one of the horsemen bade him mount behind him, and they rode on to the camp.

As they went along, he became talkative, and made inquiries about the number of men the Texans had in the engagement the day before, and about General Houston, and when they reached the camp, his identity was revealed by the exclamations of the Mexican prisoners. He admitted his personality, and asked to be taken to General Houston. His presence was now known, and great excitement spread through the camp, and there was a demand for his immediate execution, and indeed this would have been his last day on earth but for the firmness of Houston, Rusk, Wharton, and others who were wise enough to see the folly of retaliation for the massacre of Goliad.

When he approached Houston, the general was lying wounded under a large oak tree, standing on the bank of the bayou, and hanging as though decorated with great beards of grey moss. A short dialogue ensued, a son of de Zavala acting as interpretor. When he saw young de Zavala, he embraced him, and proclaimed himself his father's friend, though in fact the elder de Zavala was then a fugitive on Galveston Island, along with the remainder of the fleeing government, and would

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have no doubt been shot two days before, had his excellency laid hands on him.

He threw himself on Houston's mercy, advising in a patronizing way that since Houston had conquered and captured the Napoleon of the West, he could afford to be merciful. To this Houston replied that Santa Anna had not shown any mercy at the Alamo or Goliad. He sought to justify himself by the refusal of the defenders of the Alamo to surrender, which made the storming of the place necessary, and invoked the act of congress against persons found in arms against the government as the excuse for Goliad. But General Houston replied, Fannin's men were surrendered under conditions which were violated. To this El Presidente replied in much warmth that if this were so, Urrea had deceived him, that this was the first he had heard of a conditional surrender, that he would look into it, and if found true, the most awful punishment would be meted out to Urrea.

The ad interim government of Texas now assumed negotiations with the captive president, and pending them, he sent a dispatch to General Filisola to retire to Victoria, advising:

"I have agreed with General Houston for an armistice until matters can be so regulated that the war will cease forever."

Two treaties were speedily concluded with him, known as the treaties of Velasco. An open treaty

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which provided: "That all hostilities would cease, and that he would not exercise his influence to cause arms to be taken up against the people of Texas during the present war for independence."

The secret treaty provided: "That he should be sent home at once via Vera Cruz, and that he would prepare things in the Mexican cabinet so that a commission sent by the Texas government should be received, and that by means of negotiations all differences between Texas and Mexico should be settled and independence of Texas acknowledged. The Rio Grande was agreed upon as the boundary."

These bargains arranged, El Presidente and his suite embarked on a schooner at the mouth of the Brazos on June 3, 1836, bound for Vera Cruz. He was quite happy at having traded these treaties for his life, and issued a felicitous farewell address to the Texas people.

There was a tremendous sentiment in Texas at this time for his execution, and the provisional government had great difficulty in keeping a semblance of order, and carrying out its program with him, and it was with much relief that President Burnet and his advisers saw him on board the Invincible, which was to carry him home.

A few hours before the schooner sailed, a vessel came into the Brazos from New Orleans, bearing a company of soldiers mustered in the States for the war in Texas. The news of the atrocities at the

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Alamo and Goliad had aroused great feeling in the States, and when San Jacinto's tidings were spread, there was a rush of adventurous persons who would participate in the war, and these newcomers determined that the Mexican President should be detained. They defied the provisional government, and boarded the Invincible before it could set sail, and forcibly took possession of El Presidente with the avowed purpose of having him tried and shot. He was taken up the Brazos river to the Phelps plantation, about 30 miles from Velasco, and kept there during the summer and autumn.

A rumor was spread that an attempt was to be made to effect his rescue, and indeed such a plan was in progress, and he was put in irons and chained to a live oak tree, which is still standing at the site of the Phelps home. His further confinement under these circumstances weighed so heavily upon him that he became melancholy, and attempted to poison himself, but Dr. Phelps managed to neutralize the effect of the poison, and saved him for a long and varied career.

On one occasion, a band of ruffians came to the Phelps home to assassinate him, and Mrs. Phelps first pleaded with them and when they made an effort to harm him, she threw her arms about him, and by a mixture of courage and entreaty caused them to desist.

While he was in confinement at the Phelps plan-

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tation, he was visited by a gentleman who bore him a message from Mr. Poinsett at his home in South Carolina. When Poinsett was minister to Mexico in 1824, he was a great apostle of republican ideas, and had a happy acquaintance with the young leader who had just overthrown the empire, and was the avowed champion of popular government.

"Say to General Santa Anna that when I remember how ardent an advocate he was of liberty ten years ago, I have no sympathy for him now, that he has gotten what he deserves."

To this very unkind message, El Presidente made this deliberate reply:

"Say to Mr. Poinsett that it is very true that I threw up my cap for liberty with great ardor, and perfect sincerity, but very soon found the folly of it. A hundred years to come my people will not be fit for liberty. They do not know what it is, unenlightened as they are, and under the influence of a Catholic clergy, a despotism is the proper government for them, but there is no reason why it should not be a wise and virtuous one."

The first congress of the Republic of Texas assembled at Columbia on the Brazos in October, and the fate of the captive president was a great theme which was debated in both houses. The leaders in congress were loud for his life, and if the matter had been left to a vote, he would no doubt have lost. But General Houston, who had been elected Presi-

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dent of Texas in September, 1836, was a man of great firmness, and had determined that to spare his life was the politic thing to do. Andrew Jackson, President of the United States, had written Houston, urging that he be released. In November, while the congressmen at Columbia were debating the fate of the "illustrious prisoner," President Houston cut the debate short by sending him to Washington with an escort. He was accompanied by Messrs. Hockley, Patton, Bee, and Almonte. Well mounted, the party left the Brazos on the 25th of November, 1836, and rode toward the Lynchburg crossing of the San Jacinto, and near the sunset hour on a November day they rode across the battlefield.

The Texan escort rode ahead, and he and Almonte dropped behind as they came upon this familiar scene. No word was spoken while the five horsemen moved slowly over the hill slope and down toward the ferry. Just at sunset, they crossed the river, and in the lengthening shadows, El Presidente turned and cast a long meditative look at the scene of his greatest disaster. He did not want to go to New Orleans, for the Texan sentiment was so strong there that he feared for his life, and they rode through northern Louisiana to the Mississippi River, where they took a passing steamboat up the Mississippi to the Ohio, and up the latter river to Louisville, Ky., which place they reached

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on Christmas day, 1836. News that the Mexican president was passing through the country excited lively interest, and crowds were gathered at each stopping place for a look at him. Everywhere he was treated with the utmost courtesy and curiosity. The genial Almonte, who talked English perfectly, made himself a favorite with every group. Though many of the men shot at Goliad were from Kentucky, there was not the slightest indignity offered him anywhere in the State, and when the party stopped at Lexington, they were accorded marked attention, and many members of the Kentucky legislature came over from Frankfort to pay their respects.

As they went through Maryland, they stopped a day at Frederick, where a military court was in session, trying General Winfield Scott, of the United States army, for alleged misconduct in the late Florida campaign, and El Presidente and General Scott were made acquainted, and exchanged greetings, and parted to meet another day.

Lieutenant Hitchcock, who in May before had carried the news of San Jacinto to Washington, was an attendant at this court of inquiry, and wrote in his diary, "The officers of the court and attendants adjourned and called at Robusto Hotel and paid their respects to the distinguished stranger.

"He is a Spaniard, a slight figure, about 5 ft. 10,

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of very commanding, dignified appearance, graceful manner and benign countenance.

"He smiled at his misfortunes, and for my life I could not believe he ever gave the order for the massacre at Goliad."

In Washington, he visited President Jackson, and as speedily as possible set sail for home.

He was sent to Vera Cruz on the United States frigate Pioneer, as the guest of the American Navy, and in the latter days of February, he and his faithful Almonte, standing on the deck of the Pioneer, saw the sentinel outlines of Cofre de Perote, the first glimpse of his native land after an absence of an eventful year.

The real story of Santa Anna's trip to Washington has never been widely known. There was a determined fight in the American Congress, which convened in the autumn of 1836, upon the recognition of Texas' independence.

Jackson's administration was coming to a close and he was to be succeeded the following March by Van Buren and the new administration was very conservative about the recognition of Texas, or any other act that would bring on war with Mexico.

Houston, who became President of Texas in September, 1836, sent William H. Wharton, Minister to the United States, to negotiate for annexation. President Houston conceived that it would materi-

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ally help the situation if Santa Anna would go in person to Washington and say to President Jackson that Mexico did not intend to make an effort to reconquer Texas. This would be an answer to the critics in Congress who were urging that the recognition of Texas would be considered an unfriendly act by Mexico. It was one of the conditions of Santa Anna's release that he should do this, and though he was authentically liberated when he left Texas under a military escort, in fact he was a quasi prisoner until he left Washington. He carried out his part of the bargain and in private conversations with President Jackson gave the message that he had been sent to deliver and this was a powerful aid to the recognition of Texas which was accomplished during the last hours of the Jackson administration.

The most interesting chapter in Santa Anna's memoirs is his account of the Texas campaign. These memoirs were written nearly forty years after, and many of the details had escaped him, yet he is not faithful in his relation of major events.

The following is an abstract of the 7th chapter of "My Memoirs, Written in My Last Exile":

"I assembled and organized the expeditionary army of Texas at Saltillo. The filibusterers who believed that we would not return to Texas were greatly surprised at seeing us, and ran frightened to the Alamo. On that day, the fortress had a garrison of six hundred men, whose commander

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was named N. Travis, of great renown among the filibusterers.

"The so-called General, Samuel Houston, in a letter which I intercepted, said to the famous Travis: 'Take courage, and hold out at all risk; I am coming to your aid with 2000 splendid men, and eight well mounted cannons.' The filibusterers defended themselves obstinately, and gave no sign of surrender, and died fighting. Not one was left alive, but among us they put out more than a thousand.

"General Urrea completely defeated Col. Fancy (Fannin), who came out to meet him at Goliad with 1500 men.

"Urrea announced his triumph in a dispatch which ended: *'Since the adventurers who entered Texas armed to further the revolution of the colonists are outside the law, the prisoners have been shot.'*

"General Sesma followed Houston's tracks and from the Colorado sent me a dispatch: 'Nothing is happening. The filibusterer Houston, with his gang, is still on the other side of the river.'

"The chief of the filibusterers, on hearing of the nearness of the Mexicans, disappeared. The campaign should come to an end before the spring floods, which made it necessary to advance rapidly. Between the enemy and me was the copious Brazos River, and five leagues beyond, in the little village

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of *Arrisburg,* was located the government of the so-called Republic of Texas. I marched toward this place, with six companies of grenadiers, and a small cannon.

"In one night we crossed the prairie, and were approaching the houses, when a gun was accidently discharged, which aroused the dogs, and frightened the officials, who ran to hide themselves in a little steamer which as a precaution they had in the *Arroyo del Bufalo,* with engine fired.

"In the residence of *I. Bonnen,* the titular President of Texas, there was found correspondence from Houston, who was in low spirits. In one letter, he wrote: 'My men are deserting in platoons, believing the cause lost. This obliges me to seek the protection on Galveston Island until a more opportune time. I will make use of the first vessel that enters the San Jacinto River.'

"I immediately ordered Filisola, whom I had left at Thompson's Pass, on the Brazos, to March to me with all his strength. I had left him two written orders:

"First: That he should not send me any written dispatches, nor any correspondence which the enemy could intercept.

"Second: That after the arrival of Urrea's brigade, he should force his marches, and overtake me.

"These orders, dictated with so much foresight

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and opportuneness, did not prevent the lamentable event which Filisola's disobedience was to bring about. He seemed to have deliberately determined to disgrace a happy campaign which was nearing its end.

"Appreciating the situation, I did not lose a single hour.

"I looked for Houston, and found him along the banks of the San Jacinto River, under the shelter of the forest, ready to retire to Galveston. I resolved to delay him, affording time for Filisola's arrival, and camped in sight.

"I was awaiting impatiently, when Cos arrived with 300 men. Seeing my orders disobeyed, and foreseeing disaster, I determined to countermarch the same day, and try Filisola, and receive reinforcements. But it was already late. The evil was done. The disobedient Filisola had sent me information from Mexico by one of his aides, who before reaching my camp was intercepted, and when put to torture, told all he knew. Houston was then advised of the superiority of his forces, and decided to attack.

"At 2 o'clock in the afternoon, April 21st, I had fallen to sleep in the shade of an oak, hoping that the heat would moderate, so that I could begin the march, when the filibusterers surprised my camp, with admirable skill. Imagine my surprise on opening my eyes, and finding myself surrounded by these people, threatening me with their rifles.

"The responsibility of Filisola was obvious,

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because he and only he had caused such a catastrophe by his criminal disobedience.

"Samuel Houston treated me in a way that could not have been hoped for. His humane and generous conduct contrasted severely with that of Filisola. I have always recalled with emotions of gratitude how much I owed to this singular man, in the saddest moments of my life.

"Shortly afterward, Houston went to New Orleans for treatment, and left me in charge of a so-called general named Rox (Rusk). This wicked man was cruel to me, but when Houston returned, he characterized Rox' conduct as barbarous, and with touching words, bade me forget it. On taking leave of me, Houston said, 'General, you are no longer a prisoner. Before returning to your country, I ask you to visit President Jackson, my protector and friend. He will receive you well, for he desires to see you.'

"In that helpless state, and in despair of getting away from the filibusterers, any refusal seemed imprudent, and with good grace I complied with his wishes."

He recounts his visit to Washington, and says President Jackson "repeated":

" 'Mexico, on recognizing the Independence of Texas, will be indemnified with six million pesos.'

"I replied to him:

" 'To the Mexican Congress only belongs the right of deciding that question'."

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Home Again.

El Presidente landed at Vera Cruz on his return from Washington and the Texas campaign, February 23, 1837, after an absence of a little more than one year, and went direct to his plantation, where he announced his retirement from public life.

He was received with every mark of respect, for his reverses seemed to have aroused more sympathy than censure among his fellow-countrymen, but he wisely sought a rest at Manga de Clavo, before venturing again into politics.

When he went out in the Texas campaign, the year before, he had left General Barragan, his vice-president, as Chief Executive. Vice President Barragan died in March, 1836, while the Alamo was under siege, and Congress had named one Jose Corro Provisional President, pending Santa Anna's return, and this person was yet in authority when El Presidente came back.

But while he was away, his old enemy, Bustamente, whom he had overthrown and sent into exile in 1832, had returned, and in June, 1837, while El Presidente was at his plantation, Bustamente was elected President of Mexico for a five-year term.

El Presidente remained down on his plantation for the next two years, planning a repetition of his unseating of Bustamente.

On November 21, 1838, a French squadron was

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anchored off Vera Cruz, sent to bombard the city, unless satisfactory reply was instantly given to demands often made for payment of French claims against the government of Mexico. And on that very day the bombardment began, and in a few hours a flag of truce was displayed from the Mexican fortress. One of the many claims which the French government was pressing for payment was that of a French subject, a baker, whose shop was destroyed by a Mexican mob in 1828, when the Parian was sacked by Guerrero's men, and in derision of this claim this was called the Pastry War.

While negotiations for the surrender were going forward Santa Anna, who had been in retirement at his plantation since his return from Texas, rode into Vera Cruz and offered his services to Gaona, the general in command. Gaona had been one of his lieutenants in the Texas campaign, and had led a division which swept the country along the northern frontier.

There was nothing the Mexican commander could do but surrender the city, and its capitulation was agreed upon, but Santa Anna artfully contrived not to be a party to the capitulation, and spread the report that it was done over his protest. The authorities in the City of Mexico summoned Gaona to a court martial for having surrendered, and appointed Santa Anna to command.

The ministry announced the surrender of Vera

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Cruz, and the appointment of Santa Anna to supreme command at the same session on December 1, 1838, and the mention of his name brought loud applause, and shouts from the galleries. "He is the man. He is the saviour of the country. The hero of Tampico!"

President Bustamente was willing to appoint Santa Anna to the conduct of a campaign which he knew must end disastrously, and like David when he sent Uriah, the Hittite, to the front battle line, he placed upon El Presidente an impossible and dangerous task.

After occupying the city, the French commander, his purpose being obtained, decided to withdraw his forces, and as his men were embarking in boats some Mexican soldiers who had been following at a safe distance opened fire on the boats, and Santa Anna rushed up with a detachment of troops, and sought to give an impression that he was driving the invaders out of the city. He ventured closer than he had intended, and a shot from a French rifle struck him in the foot, making it necessary to amputate his leg below the knee.

He pretended to be at death's door, and issued a farewell to the Mexican people, glorifying that he had been able to give his life for his country, and had driven the invaders from the city.

"My dying request is that my country permit my body to be buried in these sand dunes that my

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companions in arms may know that this is the line of battle I have marked for them."

In his memoirs, he wrote of this event:

"I begged God to cut the thread of my days, that I might die in glory. Ah! how many times have I deplored with bitterness of heart that my irksome life was spared."

His amputated leg was buried at Pozitos, and some years later he had it exhumed and carried to the City of Mexico, where it was reburied with great pomp and ceremony, under an imposing monument, and he was present and participated in the ceremonies.

Though there were persons who whispered that his attack on the French was a farce, yet his dramatic stage play won him the plaudits of the nation, who believed that he had driven the French into the sea.

He retired to Manga de Clavo, to recuperate, and capitalized this late venture, and his maimed leg, in a wonderful way.

In 1839 Spain at last acknowledged the independence of Mexico, and sent Senor Calderon de la Barca to be resident minister in Mexico, and that gentleman and his estimable lady landed in Vera Cruz, and were received with much of the acclamation and demonstration which for three hundred years had announced the arrival of the Spanish Viceroys, as they came to rule New Spain. Madam

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Calderon was a vivacious, talented woman, and wrote an account of her two years residence in Mexico, narrating events as they occurred. She often wrote accounts of the wars and revolutions, while their roar filled the air, standing in her balcony watching the tide of battle in the streets, and rushing back to her library to write what she had just seen and heard.

The ambassador's party left Vera Cruz for the City of Mexico at dawn, and drove to Manga de Clavo for breakfast, and a visit with El Presidente. She wrote:

"We arrived about 5, at Manga de Clavo, after passing through leagues of natural garden, all the property of Santa Anna. We were received by an aide in uniform, and by several officers, and conducted to a large, agreeable apartment, with little furniture, into which shortly entered the Senora de Santa Anna, tall and thin, and at that early hour dressed to receive us in white muslin, with white satin shoes, and with very splendid diamonds. She was very polite, and introduced us to her little daughter Guadalupe. In a little while entered General Santa Anna, a gentlemanly, good looking person, with one leg, apparently somewhat an invalid. He was of a sallow complexion, fine dark eyes, soft and penetrating, and with an interesting face. Knowing nothing of his past history, one would have said a philosopher, living in

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dignified retirement—one who had tried the world, and found that all was vanity; one who had suffered ingratitude. It is strange how frequently this expression of philosophic resignation, of placid sadness, is seen in the countenances of the deepest, most ambitious, and most designing men.

"We gave him a letter from the Queen of Spain, written for us under the impression that he was still president, which he read, merely remarking, 'How very well the Queen writes.' It was only now and then that the expression of his eye was startling, as when he spoke of his lost leg, to which he frequently alluded.

"He spoke a great deal of the United States and the people he had known there. Altogether he was a polished hero, with quiet and gentlemanly manners. He will not long remain here in quiet, for he has within him, according to de Zavala, '*a principle of action, forever impelling him forward.*'

"After breakfast, cigars were passed and the Senora opened a golden cigar case, with a diamond latch, and lighted a cigarette, the gentlemen following her good example.

"We were then driven over the vast estates, and shown the game cocks, kept with special care, cock fighting being his special diversion. The whole country for twelve leagues square belongs to him, and is a vast garden. But the appearance of the family shows that it is unhealthy, and the beauty

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and fertility does not compensate for its insalubrity."

And after this interesting morning visit with the then dormant hero, the Spanish ambassador and his lady and their party rumbled away towards Jalapa —"In a handsome new coach, made in the United States, drawn by ten good-looking mules, driven by a smart Yankee coachman."

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Overthrows Bustamente Again.

In 1839, Bustamente, the same whom Santa Anna had driven out of the presidency in 1832, was President of Mexcio. When Calderon, the Spanish Minister, reached the capitol, he and his lady were received by the President, and she wrote of him: "He looks like a good man, such a contrast with Santa Anna; there is no lurking devil in his eye."

General Santa Anna was recovering from the loss of his leg the previous December, and employing what President Wilson would call "watchful waiting," for an opportunity to repeat the performance of overthrowing the Bustamente government. Opportunities for such feats were then as now abundant in Mexico.

Urrea, who had commanded a division in the Texas campaign, started the annual revolution at Monclova, and it spread to other infected points, and northern Mexico was soon in the hands of the insurgents. Santa Anna, who had secretly connived at Urrea's disaffection, openly posed as the benevolent counsellor of the embarrassed government, and advised President Bustamente to take the field against the rebellion, threatening to do so himself if the president did not act promptly.

Here was a sad dilemma for the beset administration. To remain at the capitol was to let the insurrection spread and sweep him out of power. To leave the city for action against it, was to leave

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Santa Anna behind. While he tarried between these impossible alternatives, he saw one vain hope that he might march out against the enemy, and win a signal victory, which would sustain him against his ancient enemy.

His plans to march north were put under way, and yet faster the plans of the great conspirator were advanced to succeed him. In fact, these last plans moved the faster, for now, "since the President had with wise patriotism decided to go to war in the north, it was the wish of congress that during his enforced absence General Santa Anna, by reason of his late deeds of patriotism in the *war with France,* should take charge of the government during the President's absence."

And so it happened that at high noon on March 18, 1839, Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna was the second time elevated to the chief magistry of unhappy Mexico, and on the late afternoon of the same day, as the tropical sun was gilding the towers and steeples of the beautiful City of Mexico, President Bustamente, in an unhappy frame of mind, rode towards Monterey.

The task before him was to crush the rebellion with such brilliant circumstance that the glory of his triumph would react in his favor, and unseat Santa Anna, now reigning in his stead. With a seething revolution before him, and the greatest conspirator this continent has ever known behind

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him, Bustamente rode to his certain doom on that March day, 1839. His perilous environments, instead of stirring him to unusual effort, seemed to bear on him heavily, and he tarried at San Luis Potosi, while the insurgent enemy moved between him and the capitol.

Here was El Presidente's opportunity, and he importuned the council for "permission" to move against Urrea and Mejia's forces now concentrating near Puebla. His solicitous admirers in the capitol were tardy to permit him to risk his sacred person in view of his recent wounds, but he was inexorable, and late in April he was borne out of the city to the front on a litter from which he issued manifestos, and concentrated troops with much haste.

An advance troop under General Valencia surprised the enemy at Acajete on May 3rd, 1839, and routed them, capturing Mejia.

The hero of Vera Cruz, on his litter, was two days late, but by persistent marching, reached the scene of battle in time to appropriate all the glory of victory, and order the execution of his former companion in arms, Mejia, who had fought for him in his revolution in 1832. He says, in his memoirs, that Valencia captured and shot Mejia.

"Let Mejia be shot in an hour," was the curt military message from the litter.

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"He is kind," rejoined the prisoner; "If I had taken him, I would have shot him in five minutes."

Mejia was shot, Urrea was in prison, the rebellion was broken, Bustamente was ingloriously marooned at San Luis Potosi, and his excellency, litter and all, resumed by slow marches the triumphant return to the capitol.

It did not suit his purposes to seize permanent control of the government just now, for this was not his way of doing things. He preferred to play the game out with Bustamente, and did so.

There were scattered remnants of the rebellion yet working in North Mexico, which were soon suppressed by his adherents, and he remained in the capitol long enough to appropriate each new military success, and then invited Bustamente to return and assume the duties of the presidency, for he must return to his plantation for a much needed rest. The recent campaign had been too much for him in his enfeebled state, for he was still suffering from his wound. Bustamente returned to the capitol in July, 1839, and resumed the presidency, and ten days later Santa Anna left for his plantation. Just why he chose to voluntarily surrender the presidency to Bustamente, when he might have held it, and when he intended to take it at a later date, was not quite clear to that generation, nor is it apparent now. But he was a strange, intriguing person, and no doubt had rea-

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sons sufficient, for indeed his plan worked out well, as we shall see. There was a weary year of war and strife, in which Bustamente's government grew weaker, and disorders of every kind developed everywhere, until almost a state of anarchy prevailed.

At break of dawn on July 15, 1840, Urrea, who had been in prison since his capture the year before, was liberated, and with the aid of others who would depose the president, but who were unfriendly to Santa Anna, there was a mutiny, and war raged in the streets of the city for two weeks. This July revolt is described graphically by Madam Calderon, who was in the midst of it. She writes:

"Both parties seem to be fighting the city, rather than each other. This method of firing behind parapets and from house tops is much safer for the soldiers than the inhabitants. It seems to be the plan to keep the cannonading up all night, and rest all day. The secretary of the French legation sought to show his contempt for the whole affair, and, dressed in his uniform, set off on horseback across the town to see his sweetheart. He was captured by the insurgents, who saw his uniform, and supposed he was an officer of the government, and when they had towed him in to headquarters, were much disappointed, when he was released, with apologies."

When the American army came to Mexico a few

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years later, their straight, business-like shooting and deadly execution was a great surprise to these folks, who had been brought up on this mimic warfare from behind walls, and from house tops and church steeples.

President Bustamente was made captive, and held under guard while Almonte and Filisola led an armed resistence in his behalf. In the meantime, the roar of this latest uprising reached Manga de Clavo, and the master was soon on his way to join in the fray for purposes of his own, though he wrote the president he was coming to his aid. But Bustamente did not want to be rescued by Santa Anna, neither did the insurgents want him to have the credit of overthrowing the government, if he should decide to do so when he reached the city.

These political rivals were fighting with bloody fury, but they both feared either the opposition or pretended support of the great conspirator far more than they did each other, and learning of his approach, they hastened to make a truce before he could intermeddle and spoil their fight.

Bells were rung which served the double purpose of proclaiming peace and tolling for those who had fallen on both sides in the late unpleasantness, and President Bustamente, advised and urged thereto by his adversaries of yesterday, sent orders to Santa Anna not to march upon the capitol, that his assistance was not needed. El Presidente

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wrote a happy letter of congratulations to the government, and was glad that "I may return to my hacienda and lay down the command of the troops."

Bustamente remained in power merely because Santa Anna willed it. His purpose was to let the government sink to the lowest possible level, and create a demand for a dictatorship or an empire, in which event he planned to furnish the necessary personnel.

The president having directed him not to march upon the city in July, now assigned him the task of putting down the revolution in far away Yucatan, and defending the coast towns against the Texas navy, which was threatening disaster all the way from Vera Cruz to Matamoros.

There was another weary, bloody year of war, and rumors of war, in which poor Bustamente wavered between power and exile, Santa Anna all the while planning to take over the government at the time which best suited him, but carefully planning to do so only when he had fortified himself with supreme power. He had tired of being a mere chief executive; he aimed to be a dictator or an emperor, free from constitutional and congressional restraints.

In August, 1841, General Paredes, weary of the weak, incompetent government, and anxious about his own political fortunes, proclaimed for a strong central administration, urging the transfer of au-

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thority to some *"citizen worthy of confidence."* It is not thought that he had any understanding with Santa Anna, and that he rather preferred himself as the *"Citizen worthy of confidence,"* but the hero of Vera Cruz heard and heeded his country's call in this emergency, and in October, 1841, he was chosen provisional president, and poor Bustamente, after four storm-tossed years, was deposed by Santa Anna for the second time, and sailed for Europe, leaving El Presidente in supreme control of Mexico.

One would hope that the varied experiences of his unusual career would have taught Santa Anna enough to have enabled him to maintain power and serve well a people who had been so kind to him. Though he was then only in his forty-ninth year, he had lived more than most men in a long lifetime. He ruled Mexico for the next three years, 1841-1844, and there is not a trace of gratitude or patriotism in his administration. One of the first acts of the new president was the ceremonial removal of his foot from its former burial place, and its reinterment with the splendor of a military funeral, in the cemetery of Santa Paula.

An interesting glimpse into his affairs is revealed by a letter, the original of which is before me, addressed to Pedro Cortes, his natural son:

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"Private Office of the President of the Republic:
"National Palace of Mexico,
"July 7, 1842.

"Mr. Pedro P. Cortes,
"Jalapa.
"My dear Pedro:

"Answering your letter of the 5th inst., I want to say you did wrong in not making an estimate of the repairs on your house before you began them. I am not able to furnish you with $800.00, because I have obligations to meet for the payment of the Encesco Hacienda, which I bought. I have not received a cent of the salary due me, and furthermore, I had to furnish the General Treasury with $30,000.00 urgent expense for that garrison, which amount the Treasury still owes me. I have not a cent to spare you.

"My regards to Augustina.

"Your father, who loves you, and is at your service,

"A. L. SANTA ANNA."

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Rule and Ruin.

(1841 to 1843.)

Santa Anna became President of Mexico the third time in October, 1841. Though he fully intended to be a free handed despot, he had heralded his coming, as all would-be despots, by a declaration for constitutional government, and an election was had, to choose a congress, which was to formulate a new constitution, which would alleviate all the woes of poor Mexico.

Though the "Provisional President" had used his best endeavors to have a congress chosen, filled with persons who would do his bidding, yet he was sorely disappointed when the new assembly showed symptoms of independence. It met in June, 1842, and by November had formulated a proposed constitution which embodied for the most part liberal ideas and a republican form of government.

To be a mere constitutional president was too tame for him. He had filled this place so often that the novelty had quite worn off. He would like to be an emperor, but the fate of Iturbide, who had tried this and failed, and ended his days before a firing squad twenty years before, was yet fresh in his mind.

He did not dare to defy the congress which had been elected to carry out his program, nor to openly oppose the proposed constitution, and he had re-

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course to his old, old plan, and retired to his estate at Manga de Clavo to conjure with his magic powers of intrigue.

Bravo, the chief of the council, would act as Chief Executive during the master's absence, and he was opposed to the new constitution, and in favor of a despotic government.

Tornel, the minister of war, was a tool of the president, and if they could stem the tide, and defeat the will of the people, then he would in due time return to the capitol, and rule like a tyrant, and enjoy the fruits of their labor.

If they failed, the failure and odium would be theirs, and in a last extremity, he would consent to rule as a constitutional president. He then as always controlled the army, and was in league with the clergy, and secretly caused garrisons here and there to declare against congress, and denounce it as unworthy of public confidence.

With Bravo as Chief Executive, and by the aid of the army and the clergy, the master soon intrigued the congress and the proposed constitution into the junk heap, and after efforts which lasted from June to December, congress, abused by the government and denounced by the clergy, and harrassed by the military, found the very hall in which it met locked in its face, and adjourned in despair.

Seeing the triumph of his intrigue, the President now consented to a plan by which 80 ''intelli-

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gent, patriotic, well chosen persons" should write a new constitution. The 80 wise men went to work with might and main, to write one which would hold out a semblance of popular government, but which would in fact be all that was desired at Manga de Clavo, and though they did not finish it until June, 1843, yet by March it had progressed so far that it was well assured, and the "provisional president" came in from his retirement after six months in the country, so far improved in health that he was able for a time to resume his executive duties.

Bravo, Tornel, and his other tools whom he had left in authority to thwart congress and defeat a liberal constitution, had won, and he stepped in, as usual, at the opportune time, to rake in their winnings.

Though the constitution was *proclaimed* in June, 1843, a congress and president had to be chosen under it, and he must go through the form of electing himself.

For more than two years, since the fall of Bustamente, he had been *provisional president*, and absolute ruler, and his shameless, extravagant misrule had won him the contempt of the few strong, patriotic men in Mexico, and though his machine which had just rounded out the new constitution was backed by both the army and the clergy, and seemed in fine working order, yet there were the

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faint rumblings which presage storm, and Mexico, then as now, was a fertile field for political storms.

Fearing that all would not be well with the new government, and as soon as the fall elections for president and members of the new congress were announced, he retired to his estate to watch from the side lines, leaving Valentin Caualizo in executive authority to earn the odium which two years of misrule was fast bringing home to his regime. But from his plantation the elections were carefully looked after, and though a crisis seemed impending, and the people of Mexico did not want him, yet he was almost unanimously elected president for a five year term, to begin January 1, 1844. Though the election was officially declared in January, he did not come up from his plantation to take the oath of office until the following June, when a bronze statute of himself was unveiled with much ceremony.

This splendid effigy displayed him in a general's uniform, standing with his right hand extended toward Texas, indicating a resolution that at some indefinite time he intended the reconquest of that lost region. Some of his critics murmured that this pointed hand was toward San Jacinto, and a warning that he would not go that way again.

He was now at the high tide of his life, and entering upon what promised to be a new career. Brantz Mayer, who was Secretary of the American

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Legation in Mexico, published a history of that country in 1850, which gives a forceful essay on Santa Anna, who was then in exile, but yet a potential force in Mexican affairs. Mr. Mayer says of him:

"He possessed a wilful, observant, patient intellect, which had received little culture, but constant intercourse with all classes of man made him perfectly familiar with the strength and weakness of his countrymen. Believing most men corrupt or corruptible, he was constantly busy, contriving expedients to control them.

"A soldier from his childhood, during turbulent times among semi-civilized troops, he had become habitually despotic. He seemed to cherish the idea that his country could not be virtuously governed. Ambitious and avaricious, he sought for power not only to gratify his individual lust for power and personal glory, but as a means of enriching himself.

"He rarely distinguished between public treasure and private funds. Though a soldier all his life, he never planned and won a great battle, except through the blunders of his opponents. Loving money as he did, he was a gambler over the table, where he learned the art of losing gracefully. Neither a student or a traveler, he knew nothing of human character, except what he learned from his own countrymen."

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Bancroft, in his History of Mexico, describes him at this time:

"A tall, graceful figure, with a small oval face, stamped by thought and energy, a bilious complexion, with closely set eyes, brilliantly reflecting an impulsive nature and talented mind.

"A sprinkling of grey hair added dignity. When giving command, the voice assumed a well balanced dictational tone, and when enraged, his face changed into repelling fierceness. His character for licentious indulgence was well known, and he abandoned himself to every form of dissipation. He was an inveterate gambler, and his favorite form of diversion was the cock pit."

The most flattering sketch of him at this period that has come down to us is found in Waddy Thompson's recollections of Mexico. Mr. Thompson, a talented Southern political leader, was our minister to Mexico during this time, and had many dealings with the President, especially about the Santa Fe and Mier and other prisoners from Texas and the States, who were held in Mexican dungeons.

He found much in El Presidente to admire, and argues that when all things are considered, he was not naturally cruel, or a merciless butcher, as Texans have ever maintained. He gives Santa Anna's explanation of the slaughter at the Alamo, that the defenders would not surrender, but died

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fighting; of Goliad, that Fannin's men were outlaws and pirates under a decree of the Mexican congress, which had so classified all persons found bearing arms against the government.

He gave Mr. Thompson an interesting account of his visit to Washington in 1836, just after he was released from prison in Texas, and his interview with President Jackson. The old warrior President received him with great cordiality, for he was then President of Mexico, and in the course of the conversation, abruptly asked him, "General Santa Anna, after you became President in 1832, why did you desert the people, and go over to the party of the military and the priests?" The suave, polished Mexican waived the rudeness of the question, and gave an answer which he said seemed to satisfy President Jackson, and retold the incident to Mr. Thompson in great good humor.

The supreme power that he exercised as provisional president after the fall of Bustamente in 1841, the circumstances of the new central constitution of 1843, just described, and his almost unanimous choice for the presidency in 1844, are strange, when it is known that during these years he was hated and distrusted by his countrymen to a degree of desperate bitterness.

When the Santa Fe prisoners were marched from El Paso to the City of Mexico in 1842, they were allowed much freedom, and mingled freely,

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not only with the foreign population, but with the native Mexicans along the way, and in each place through which they passed, Mr. Kendall, the historian of that expedition, relates:

"All classes of men, from the bred gentleman down to the lowest Lepero, were *loud* in their curses of the despot and his schemes, and the question was often asked our men, 'why did you not kill him while you had him?' "

He had come in from his plantation in March, 1843, to be ready to accept the new constitution prepared by his 80 wise men, and was chosen president under it in October, for a five-year term, to begin January 1, 1844, but his two years as provisional president since the fall of Bustamente had been a wild excess of extravagant misrule.

He aped the splendors of the Royal Courts of Europe, and more than one traveler who had seen the Bourbon courts of France and Spain commented that Santa Anna ruled with more pomp and display than these princes.

He bought more estates, though he had twelve leagues of tropical gardens at Manga de Clavo, and his followers in authority everywhere manifested the same avarice, and imitated the prodigal propensities of the mad master who seemed to think that he was enthroned for life.

During all this time, 1841-1844, while he was in power, he continued to insist upon the reconquest of

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Texas, and more than once a Texas campaign was the means of extorting money from an impoverished country. But the millions which were raised to finance a military descent upon Texas were squandered by him and his corrupt followers as private spoil.

Often during these years rumors were rife in Texas that a large army was being equipped for a campaign north of the Rio Grande, but nothing more than a couple of marauding expeditions which reached San Antonio in 1842 ever materialized.

And now when we look back on the accomplished facts of that day, we know that unwittingly Santa Anna was the greatest ally of Texas, and to him more than to any other cause or influence we owe the fact that Mexico never made a serious attempt to reconquer Texas.

After the return of Santa Anna to Mexico in 1837, and during the nearly four years that Bustamente was President, the entire time of the government was consumed in plots and intrigues by which he sought to restore himself to power. In this environment of continual revolution and strife, Mexico could not keep peace and order at home, and was powerless to equip and send an army into Texas. When he came into power in 1841, his venal, corrupt administration made any military movement against Texas impossible. When he was overthrown in 1844, he left the country in such a

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pitiable plight of impoverishment and destitution that an army could not be mustered for any such an enterprise.

While the country was at its lowest ebb after his exile, 1844-1846, annexation of Texas with the United States was accomplished.

Had the Mexican government waged a strong war to reconquer Texas at any time between 1837 and 1845, Texas Independence would not have been acknowledged by any of the European countries, nor could annexation have been accomplished against the strong anti-slavery sentiment which fought it in the States. So indeed it is strange and interesting to note how this prodigal, scheming despot did so much, in a purely negative way, to accomplish the freedom of Texas, and drive it into the fold of the American Union. So, too, the same baneful influence may be said to have led to the loss of California and the Mexican territory which went to the United States at the close of the Mexican war.

Had Santa Anna been a man of character, like Juarez or Diaz, and had he employed his opportunities for the good of Mexico at the trying formative period, when he so often ruled, Mexico might tell a different story today.

Persons who traveled through Mexico during these years, following the fall of Spanish sovereignty, generally agree that the population was

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docile, peaceful, kind, and easily led. A pliant people might have been influenced to ways of peace and industry by a great leader, like Bolivar, the South American patriot, or William the Silent, or Washington, but instead, fortune gave them this selfish, faithless ruler, who held no ideals for them, and who set examples of vice and avarice, which, like contagion, spread to all ruling classes, and became in Mexico, like in China under the Tartars, an everlasting curse.

There was nothing constructive in his whole career. He started the first revolution after Independence which overthrew the empire, and for twenty odd years he was the instigator of most of the outbursts against the governments in power. Under his example, revolution became a national habit, and it has been the political mode even unto this day.

In 1841, Lamar, then President of Texas, was misadvised that the people of New Mexico were tired of Mexican misrule, and would welcome Texas sovereignty, and he fitted out a peaceful military expedition to carry the flag to Santa Fe. An expedition of 270 volunteer soldiers and about 50 merchant traders left Austin, Texas, in June, 1840, and after an awful journey of nearly a thousand miles, was in New Mexico in September, where, weary and worn, the entire caravan was surrendered to the Mexican governor, Armijo, who sent

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the prisoners on foot to the City of Mexico, 1200 miles away.

When they reached the capitol, they were imprisoned, and since several of them were citizens of the United States, and some of them of European countries, the whole affair took on diplomatic complications. In March, 1842, a Mexican force was sent into Texas, under Colonel Vasquez, as a retaliation for the Santa Fe expedition, the year before, and it came as far as San Antonio, where it tarried only a day or so, hastily retreating across the border, carrying along a number of Texan residents of Bexar. They were cast into Mexican dungeons along with the Santa Fe prisoners. In the autumn of the same year, a second expedition came as far as San Antonio, repeating the Vasquez performance, and carrying along another lot of prisoners. Retaliating for these raids, three hundred Texans crossed into Mexico, and attacked the town of Mier. They were captured, and sent on towards the capitol to swell the large number of prisoners already accumulated in Mexican dungeons. On their way, they overpowered the guards, and escaped, but were recaptured, and as a punishment, a jar was filled with beans, each tenth a black one, and the men were made to draw, and those drawing black beans were shot. The survivors were sent on to the capitol and to prison.

When Waddy Thompson, our minister to Mexico,

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arrived there in 1842, he bent his energies in securing the release of these prisoners. In his memoirs of Mexico, he writes:

"At the time of my arrival, the wife of General Santa Anna, who has since died, was very ill. The night after my arrival the last ceremonies of the Romish church and the last consolations of that religion were administered to her with a magnificent procession of all the dignitaries of that church, headed by the Archbishop, and numbering altogether more than twenty thousand persons. She was much beloved, and had exerted her influence for the release of the Texan prisoners."

Mr. Thompson also relates:

"Santa Anna learned that among the Santa Fe prisoners was Orlando Phelps, son of the Dr. Phelps at whose home he was kept a prisoner in Texas. He released Phelps, and sent him home at his expense."

Among the Mier prisoners was a bright lad, named John Hill, not more than fifteen years old. He was allowed the freedom of the city, and called at the palace, and asked the President for his release and passage home. El Presidente, much pleased with the lad, took him into his home, and placed him in college, where he was yet a student when Mr. Thompson left Mexico. Mr. Kendall was released at the instance of Minister Thompson, in April, 1842, after nine months in prison, and

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gives the following view of the morning as it dawned on the day after his liberation:

"The morning was bright and beautiful, ushering in one of those delightful days of springtime known only in the dry, pure climate of Mexico, and I lingered on the balcony to survey the scene below me. Crowds of women of every class and every shade were going or returning from mass, their mantillas coquettishly covering their heads and necks, their gait inimitably graceful, while their black, brilliant eyes wandered from object to object with indolent but expressive glances which go straight to the heart. Water carriers with large jars strapped to their heads were hurrying to serve their morning customers. Fellows stooping and staggering under the weight of huge coops of chickens; fruit men and women with immense baskets of oranges and every kind of tropical fruits hurried past, toward the market place; priests with their long shovel hats, monks, gentlemen, leperos, friars, mendicants, rioters, were mingled with the currents of people below. A troop of cavalry led by a showy, dashing young officer, were riding by. Such were the strangely assorted figures and groups which made the picture before me the first morning after my liberation from prison."

This is a glimpse of Mexico between revolutions, in the days of Santa Anna, and when one contemplates this scene, and appreciates the possible

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blessings of peace and industry, under a stable government, he is led to wonder that the divine plan should have left human government to forever drift upon the vast sea of political unrest. How could the hand that fashioned the firmament and fixed with perfect precision the strides of the earth for a million years, have left man to flounder in bloody revolution, while ages of countless despots "wade through slaughter to a throne, and shut the gates of mercy on mankind?"

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President the Fourth Time.

Santa Anna for the fourth time assumed the presidency of Mexico in June, 1844. His term began January 1, but he stayed down at his plantation until June. During 1843, while he was yet serving as provisional president, and in 1844, after he became constitutional president, he spent most of his time at his plantation, and though he led a vicious, profligate life, yet he was ever vigilant, and watched the trend of affairs throughout the Republic. He would come into the capitol on critical occasions, always with pomp and splendor, when a noisy, prearranged demonstration was staged for his advent.

One would hope that he would have learned by past reverses, or be moved by some spirit of patriotism for his poor suffering native land. But he was too conceited to learn, and too avaricious and venal to respond to any sentiment of patriotism.

His five year term as President under the new constitution prepared by his eighty wise men began January 1, 1844, and ended with his inglorious abdication on December 6th the same year.

The constitution of 1843 was written to suit his purposes, and was thought to be sufficient to allow him absolute power. While it provided for a congress and state governments and state legislative bodies, yet they were largely shorn of power and placed in a subservient relation to the central

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executive power so bountifully bestowed. But the first congress chosen under this self-made constitution, and which convened on New Years day, 1844, after declaring him elected president for a five-year term, began to show a spirit of independence, and the state legislatures cried aloud against excessive taxes and universal corruption, which had grown up in every department of the federal government.

Millions had been raised by heavy burdensome taxes for a military expedition into Texas, and most of the money had been squandered by the President and his corrupt regime in riotous living. When an additional levy of taxes was suggested for the ever-talked-of Texas campaign, there was such a roar of disapproval that the high altitude of the capitol became inimical to his health, and owing to the serious illness of his wife, they retired to his plantations.

Indeed, his wife, Inez Garcia, to whom he had been married for twenty years, and to whom he was deeply devoted, was fatally ill for a year, and it was known that he released many of the Santa Fe prisoners at her request. She died in August, 1844, and his grief won him a momentary respite from the gathering storm. But his venal, insincere nature was not capable of any deep emotion, and in less than three months he married a fifteen-year-old girl, celebrating the event with as much

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demonstration as had accompanied the reburial of his foot in 1841.

When the Bustamente government, under the intrigues of Santa Anna, was tottering to its fall, three years before, General Paredes, a man of some force, had declared for a central government with a *"strong worthy man"* in power. While he believed himself to be the person who best fitted the requirements of supreme power, yet Santa Anna quickly admitted that he was the man, and capitalized Paredes' plans to his own use and benefit.

And now, in 1844, Paredes, stirred by his country's wrongs, and his own private grievances, started an uprising which found aid in every direction, and which accomplished the second fall of Santa Anna. But the uprising was not the mere efforts of Paredes or any single ambitious leader, as most Mexican revolutions have ever been; it was a spontaneous movement by every worthy force in Mexico. He rushed such of the army as would yet obey his command from place to place, where insurrection appeared, but it spread faster than he could suppress it.

The congress of 1844, elected under his self-made constitution, was most belligerent, and he had his armed forces disband it, and close the doors of the congressional hall, as was done in 1842.

General Jose Joaquin Herrera, a good man with

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many attributes of great character, assumed leadership, and even the rabble, which had so long furnished the tumult and the shouting for his triumphal occasions, turned against him, and a mob broke into the vault where his Vera Cruz foot was buried, and it was dragged through the streets at the end of a rope. The two chambers of congress resolved themselves into a court of impeachment, and ordered the arrest of the President for trial. He attempted to reach the coast, but was overtaken at Jalapa, and held prisoner, awaiting the decree of congress, and the new government, headed by Herrera.

On December 5, 1844, the sixth anniversary of the fiasco where he lost his foot at Vera Cruz, he abdicated, but was kept in prison at Perote until May, 1845, when he was formally impeached, and ordered to exile for life. Here in the gray, grim walls of this old prison fortress, he had six months to reflect on the vainglorious vanity of earthly things. Old Perote, what a wierd pile it was in those days! Way back in the century before the Viceroys had built it as a prison and fortress. It stood on a shelf in the mountains, seven thousand feet above the sea, and the peak of *Cofre de Perote,* a trunk shaped mountain, towered above it a mile higher. Vessels approaching Vera Cruz could see this awful land mark 100 miles inland, long before the shore line was visible.

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During the centuries of Spanish rule, more than ten billion dollars of gold and silver had been mined in Mexico, and shipped to Spain. These treasure laden ships had made the Spanish Main a rich, rare field for the pirate and the buccaneer, as well as the sea-faring English gentleman of the Hawkins and Drake type, who frequented these seas in the days of Westward Ho. So Perote was built and its impregnable walls fashioned of everlasting rock, and caravans bearing these metallic millions would store their treasures here, near the sea, until a favorable time for shipping. Often in the good old days, millions in gold and silver bar would be cached here, to await fair winds and weather, when there were no rumors of pirate ships in the ocean roadways.

But within the 26 acres of fortress walls there were cells and dungeons, where political prisoners had languished and been forgotten and died. And in the awful days of the inquisition it had been a convenient place for the major operations of the tyrants of the church.

Just two years before the incarceration of El Presidente, the Santa Fe and Mier prisoners and the San Antonio men who had been carried away into captivity by Mexican raiders had been in these deep dungeons.

Thomas J. Green of Texas, and his Mier fellow prisoners, were here in 1843, and he and sixteen

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others dug out through these stone walls, and escaped.

When Santa Anna was a prisoner at Velasco, in 1836, he had been entrusted for a while to the custody of Captain Green, and one evening in June, they sat astride a bench, face to face, and ate their dinner out of a camp frying pan, and drank coffee out of the same tin cup.

And as they sat in this friendly fashion, and chatted, Captain Green apologized for the "silverware." "If you ever come to Mexico, Senor Green," said the suave prisoner, "I hope to return your great hospitality." And when the men of Mier were inventoried, "Senor Green" was among them, and El Presidente consigned him to Perote, where he was put in chains, and locked away for future disposal.

At the base of the fortress, when Santa Anna came in December, 1844, there were many fresh graves of Texans who had died during their incarceration. It was here at Perote that Col. Santa Anna, champion of liberty, had won a victory for which Iturbide had made him a Brigadier General twenty-three years before. It was here that sixteen years before, while he was governor of the fortress, that he had planned and begun the revolution which had overthrown Pedraza, and put Guerrero in power. And here, in prison, in the springtime of 1845, he was convicted of high crimes and misdemeanors, and sentenced to eternal exile.

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He and his girl wife sailed for Havana in June, and on the eve of his departure, he issued a farewell address to his countrymen, which would have done credit to a better man.

"Forgive the unintentional errors of one mutilated in his country's cause, and who now, in his old age, goes to seek a refuge among strangers."

At Havana, he met Bustamente returning from the exile to which Santa Anna had hurried him three years before. Herrera and his ministers sought to capitalize the disclosures which the impeachment of Santa Anna revealed and to so convict him of fraud and crime as to make it impossible for him to ever return to public life, and indeed it did seem that they had done so. It was proven that by embezzlement and various peculations, he had misappropriated more than thirty million dollars, since he became provisional president, in 1841. Almost every crime which extortion and avarice could prompt was abundantly shown against him. He had accumulated princely estates in Vera Cruz, and was even shown to be interested in wholesale smuggling.

His departure was under the curse of the nation, and volumes of invective and malediction were hurled at him as he went. It was loudly declared in the newspapers of the day, and generally believed, that Mexico was rid of him forever.

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War With the United States.

There had been a question for more than 100 years, whether Texas belonged to France, as part of the discoveries of La Salle, or to Spain, as the result of explorations through Mexico. If the French claims should have prevailed, then it came to the United States with the Louisiana purchase in 1803. But at the time of the Louisiana purchase, the United States was little concerned about possessions west of the Mississippi River, for indeed Monroe and Livingston, who concluded that bargain with Napoleon, had the Western territory thrust upon them when they had only been authorized to purchase territory east of the river. President Monroe was far more interested in getting Spain out of Florida, then he was in the remote western boundaries of the Louisiana purchase, and in 1819 the De Onis treaty was made with Spain, by which that country ceded Florida to the United States, and it released to Spain all claim to Texas.

But the ink was scarcely dry on the parchment when the Washington government realized that it could and should have held both Florida and Texas, and when John Quincy Adams became President in 1824, proud of his part in having secured Florida, he manifested an ambition to purchase Texas; and he and Henry Clay, his secretary of state, opened very active negotiations with Mexico, which had

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now become independent of Spain, for the purchase of all Texas down to the Rio Grande.

These efforts met with no response, yet they were continued by the Jackson administration, which succeeded Adams in 1829, up to the very eve of the Texas Revolution in 1836. It was generally known in Mexico during all these years that the "United States of the North" coveted Texas and the impression was almost universal among Mexican leaders that the American colonists who came into Texas were in league with a plan to occupy it and hold it for the United States. Yet it was full of wild Indians, and the Mexican government could not reclaim it from these savage tenants, and the American settlers were let in with some kind of a vague hope that they would drive the Indians away, and Mexico would be able to hold it against the States.

The Mexican people saw in the Texas Revolution of 1836 what they regarded as the unmistakable evidences of American aid and designs. It was financed in the States, and in every battle fought the soldiers of Mexico met whole companies of soldiers that had been mustered in and marched out of the Southern States. They expected the States to take Texas at once, and indeed the people of Texas expected it also, for in September, 1836, at the first election held after San Jacinto, there was a uananimous vote for immediate annexation.

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If the American government had promptly accepted Texas in 1836, it is doubtful if Mexico would have ever done more than make a noisy protest. But a great change was rapidly taking place in the United States, and leaders like Adams, who dickered for the purchase of Texas only ten years ago, now in 1837 to 1845 violently fought its admission, able to see in it only the spread of slavery. The abolitionists of the north and east fought annexation for ten years, and defeated every effort to that end until it was made an issue in the presidential campaign of 1844, and James K. Polk of Tennessee was elected by the democratic party, pledged to the immediate acquisition of Texas.

When news of the election of Polk reached Mexico in the autumn of 1844, it found the country in the struggle to rid itself of Santa Anna, and in fact El Presidente was a prisoner in the Castle of Perote, when President Tyler signed the annexation resolution in February, 1845.

During this ten years since San Jacinto, Mexico had never been able to send an army to reconquer Texas, but had continuously threatened to do so, and ever had the warm sympathy, openly expressed, of the anti-slavery influences in the United States.

When the annexation resolution passed the Senate in February, 1845, Almonte, who had been Mexico's minister to the United States under the Santa Anna government, and who continued at

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the post after Herrera succeeded Santa Anna, asked for his passports, and broke off diplomatic relations between the two countries, and went home, believing that if the Polk administration persisted in its plans for annexation, the New England States would secede. In June, 1845, the Mexican Congress passed a decree "summoning all the sons of Mexico to arms for the defense of National Independence threatened by the usurpation of Texas by the United States of the North."

The Herrera government, which came into power on the abdication of Santa Anna, in December, 1844, was short-lived, and in December, 1845, fell under a revolution fomented by Paredes, but in the midst of this wild disorder, Mexico had in effect declared war on the United States, for the "usurpation of Texas."

Herrera, though President only one year, and beset all this time by intrigue and revolution, used such efforts as he could put forth to equip an expedition into Texas, and what the Mexican government lacked in military maneuver, it tried to make up in verbal manifestos, declaiming loudly its intention to hold Texas against all the world. These continued threats caused the Washington government to have General Taylor with a small army of about 4000 men move into Texas in January, 1845, and take station at Corpus Christi, and send a squadron into the Gulf of Mexico.

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When Paredes overthrew the Herrera government in December, 1845, he was yet louder in his proclamations and quite specific in his avowed purposes to go to war with the United States. In April, 1845, he issued a literary effort, which began:

"The ancient injuries and attacks which ever since 1836 the government of the United States has incessantly inflicted upon Mexico, have been crowned with a new insult * * * An army of the United States is camped on the Rio Bravo * * * Such outrages cannot be longer tolerated—I have ordered our army to attack the army which is attacking us."

In February, 1846, General Taylor had orders to move from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, which he reached opposite Matamoros on March 28th.

The platform on which Polk was elected declared for the acquisition of Oregon and Texas. The Oregon question was settled with England in a most satisfactory way. Texas was now in process of annexation, and our army was on the Rio Grande, and indeed the temptation was great to take the country to the West, and consolidate our holdings between Oregon and Texas.

A recent writer, commenting on this period, says:

"President Polk was a man of little culture, and devoid of imagination, untravelled, and with no experience in foreign affairs. But to a strong in-

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telligence he added a dogged strength of will, and with all the persistence in his nature, he desired to acquire California.'' (Rives, p. 130.)

Then, too, at this time (1846), California was what Secretary Adams had in 1819 called Florida, ''A mere abandoned derelict to be picked up by any adventurer who chose to tow it into port.'' Mexico had no government there, and little promise of one, and there was scant connection between the upper Pacific Coast and the far away City of Mexico. The California ranchers could not keep posted with the rapid changes of government which were ever going on in Mexico; and whether Santa Anna, Herrera, Paredes or Salas ruled in the City of Mexico, made little effect on the people on the Sacramento. But whatever motives may be ascribed to the Polk administration, the fact remains that Texas was a free country when it negotiated annexation with the United States in 1845, and that the impotent Mexican governments of Herrera and Paredes declared annexation a cause for war, and sent troops across the Rio Grande. They contended that the Nueces was the boundary of Texas, and treated Taylor's advance to the Rio Grande as an invasion.

In May, 1846, the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de La Palma were fought in Texas, and the Mexican army driven back across the Rio Grande. Hostilities now begun, Taylor crossed the river,

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and invading columns were sent by the Washington government into New Mexico, northern Mexico, by El Paso, and to California.

In September, Taylor's army advanced as far as Monterey, where a battle was fought, and Ampudia, commanding the Mexican army, was driven on further south. When his broken army reached San Luis Potosi, El Presidente had reached that place, and taken command.

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El Presidente Returns.

Though the whole country was in hopeless anarchy, and three weak governments had come and gone in a year, yet no man of force in Mexico was willing to surrender without war, though every intelligent Mexican should have known full well the inevitable outcome of such a war.

It is such a crisis that has developed the heroes of the ages, and that has called forth the boldest and best patriots of the nations of the earth. Such an emergency gave us Washington and Lee, and many an exiled leader has returned to his native land in such an hour, to reunite its broken factions, and lead the forlorn hopes of his people. But poor Mexico, though nearly half a century had passed since it began its struggle for freedom, had no hero to turn to in its darkest hour.

The sinister shadow of this selfish, shallow sycophant had lain across the pathway of its national life for twenty-five years. He had made the rise of a good man to power impossible. From his retreat in the jungles of Manga de Clavo, he had, when out of power, schemed and plotted against every administration in Mexico since Iturbide in 1823.

Champion of the Republican idea, he had repeatedly gained power, pledged in secret to rule as a military tyrant, and leave the wealth and privi-

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lege of the clergy untouched. When he was not in power, he had succeeded in unseating and thwarting those who were. When he was in power, he had done nothing constructive; had contributed nothing toward the elevation of his people. Selfish despots like Caesar and Napoleon have felt it a recompense to build well for their country, in order to enjoy the reflected glory of national success; but he had no such vision, and was destitute of even the selfish virtues which are often found in the usurper. But in the chaos of the hour, chaos which he had helped precipitate, there was no one else for his country to look to for leadership against a hated powerful foe, bent on taking nearly a million square miles of Mexican territory.

As early as June, 1845, one Colonel Atocha had shown up in Washington as unofficial envoy from the exiled president in Havana, offering suggestions, which were heard by President Polk with much interest. The colonel allowed that if Santa Anna were in power, he would favor a treaty which for a consideration of, say, thirty million dollars, would confirm the title of Texas, and secede all the territory west and north to Oregon.

Polk asked the "unofficial envoy" why the Mexican government did not make some such proposition. "This would never do," said the colonel, "No government in Mexico would dare offer such a peace, until driven to it, at least by a show of

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force.'' He added the idea that if the American fleet would invest Vera Cruz and Taylor would march from Corpus to the Rio Grande, it might have a salutary effect in the desired direction of peace. He even went so far as to suggest half a million on account to meet present purposes, but the Washington government only listened, and made no reply to his advances. But the fleet tightened the blockade at Vera Cruz, and Taylor moved down to the Rio Grande.

On August 12, 1846, a year after he had sailed from Vera Cruz under a decree of banishment for life, El Presidente left Havana on a British boat, and four days later was in the harbor at Vera Cruz. With him came Almonte, who had shared his exile. An American squadron blocked the harbor, and could have prevented his landing, but Commodore Connor, in command, had a laconic message from the Secretary of War, at Washington:— ''If Santa Anna endeavors to enter the Mexican ports, you will allow him to pass freely.''

Gomez Farias, chief of the cabinet at the capitol, and his former vice president, met him at Puebla, and on the 14th of September, 1847, he entered the City of Mexico, amidst such scenes of tumult and shouting as he had so often enjoyed in the years before.

There was much comment and criticism in the United States of the Washington government in al-

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lowing safe passage for Santa Anna's return. Some said he had been bribed by the Democratic administration to conclude a peace, but would not "stay bought." President Polk's explanation was that he was a disturbing element, and his return was the injection of factional confusion into the already existing anarchy which prevailed throughout Mexico. Whatever the motive which so graciously helped him home, it was a great blunder by the American government, which would have brought disaster, had there been any latent possible power in Mexico to rally for defense.

The period which followed is the one epoch in Santa Anna's life that his biographer can point to with commendation, for indeed he demeaned himself as a patriot in the face of cruel reverses against impossible odds.

Ever an optimist, and with his usual sanguine vigor and dispatch, he artfully sounded defiance to the invasion, as he characterized the occupation of Texas. Instead of seizing the presidency at once as he could have done, he modestly took up his residence in the suburban village of Tacubaya, from which he had operated before, and put all his energies, backed by nearly forty years of military experience, into the organization of the national defense, and in two weeks from the day he entered the capitol, he was on his way north at the head of an army of three thousand men. He

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openly disavowed any desire to become President, and issued a manifesto against a movement which was begun to unseat President Salas.

He at first refused to come to the capitol, for fear his enemies would accuse him of ambitious designs, "when in fact his whole object in returning was to repel the invasion of the Americans." He announced that he did not mean to leave a single soldier in the city; that every man who could bear arms must march north with him.

His vigorous dash inspired his countrymen with hope. There were at that time (September 28th), about fifteen thousand men under arms at various garrisons, available for the service, and the people of Mexico professed to believe that El Presidente and this army was invincible, and would easily drive the United States of the North out of Mexico and Texas. Over his protest, however, congress chose him president ad interim on December 9th, 1846, naming Gomez Farias his vice president. This was the fifth time he had been elevated to the chief magistracy. Fourteen years before, when he first overthrew Bustamente, he and Gomez Farias had been chosen president and vice president, with disastrous results, and this disaster was now about to repeat itself on a larger scale.

He sent a letter of acceptance, declaring he had not returned to become president, but to punish the foreigners, who were invading the Fatherland, and

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that when he had driven them out, he meant to retire to private life.

Finances was the greatest problem, and every avenue for raising money had been swept clean during the last ten years of revolution and misrule. There was only one untouched source of wealth in the country, and that was the Catholic church, whose gold and estates were estimated to be worth three hundred million dollars. He had never in all his past extremities raised a hand against this most powerful influence, and though no other source of revenue was visible, he did not openly look that way, but connived with his vice president, Gomez Farias, who had always been an enemy of the church, to make a large "loan" from that benevolent institution.

The day before he left the city for the Northern campaign, he visited the Shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe, to invoke divine aid in the nation's cause and took a newspaper reporter with him, and used great pains to see that the pilgrimage was duly advertised. With the account of this pious pilgrimage was published the broad suggestion that while the prayers of the clergy would be a powerful aid in the campaign, and the virgin's good offices would no doubt confuse the heathen enemy, yet:

"Since the present war was for the preservation of our adorable religion, the clergy should add to their prayers a contribution of church wealth, in aid of the cause."

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Some sweeping but rather vague tax decrees were published by the Salas government in October, which caused confusion and rioting in the city. Though Santa Anna had been consulted about these decrees, and they had been prepared in advance of his departure for the North, he had foreseen they would make trouble, and he had taken the pains to avoid any odium which they would cast on the government.

A forced loan from the church was announced in November. Drafts to be drawn by the government payable in two years with interest were to be promptly accepted by each Bishopric at sight.

He did not take the oath of office when he was elected in December, merely writing a letter of acceptance and left his vice president, Gomez Farias, to administer the government, and put the necessary pressure on the church for the payment of these sight drafts; and in aid of this process, congress passed an act in January, assessing the property of the church with a loan of fifteen millions. This decree was resisted by the clergy, and though Santa Anna had been agreeable to its passage, he later asked its repeal, and it was not enforced.

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Buena Vista, the Most Important Military Event in the Life of Santa Anna, and the Greatest Battle of the War.

When he reached San Luis Potosi in October, he met the broken army of Ampudia fresh from the disaster of a contact with Taylor's army at Monterey, and deprived him of command for having lost that battle. He at once broadcast orders for the concentration of troops at San Luis, where he began intensive preparations for a campaign.

There was no commissary, no transport system, no tents, and scant store of military equipment of any kind. He set to work with his usual vigor, and for three months labored night and day to make his motley army fit for fighting. In January, he had twenty thousand men, and the people at San Luis and at the capitol and elsewhere in the South were impatient for him to move North against the enemy. The newspapers were loud in an insulting demand for immediate aggression, and pretended to see an end of the war if he would just move out with his great army, and engage the enemy. Though he was laboring with his usual energy to equip his army, he was charged with being inactive, and it was told in the capitol and throughout Mexico that he did not intend to fight, that he was in secret league with the Americans, who had brought him from Cuba to aid their purpose.

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Late in January, a scouting party of about 70 American dragoons from Kentucky and Arkansas regiments had been surprised and captured at a ranch sixty miles south of Saltillo, and the bringing in of these captives hurried events. Goaded by the impatient demands of the press, he took up his march toward Saltillo on February 2, 1847.

At that time, and for some years afterwards, there was much speculation as to what his plans were. It was published that he had masterfully planned a campaign to crush Taylor and then turn upon the invasion which was known to be coming by Vera Cruz. The American war department had determined in December to have Taylor fall back to Monterey, and make no further advances into the interior of Mexico from the north. A part of Taylor's army had been diverted to the sea coast, and to Scott's command, which disembarked at Vera Cruz on March 9th.

When he left San Luis Potosi for his long march to Saltillo, he knew that within a few days Scott's army would land at Vera Cruz, bent on going direct to the capitol, and he was nearer Vera Cruz than Saltillo. There was no present danger of an advance by General Taylor. But it is thought that Santa Anna did not dare lead his army toward the capitol, and Vera Cruz, at that time, for fear that leaders in the capitol might intrigue with the soldiers for his overthrow. He felt safer to go north,

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and away from influences, which were at work behind him.

El Presidente's own explanation and apologies years later discover the fact that he had no well defined plan of campaign, when he marched out of San Luis on February 2nd, except to find the enemy and fight in obedience of the popular clamor. He writes in his memoirs:

"I was raking my brain, searching for means of extricating myself brilliantly from so difficult a position; and only 'victory' presented itself.

"Inaction I saw as a sign of death in the midst of such penury. Victory would place us in a favorable position. It would save us. Dominated by these ideas, I at last formed my resolution to march in search of the enemy."

It is 250 miles from San Luis to Saltillo, where Taylor had his headquarters, and the road lies across a sterile, inhospitable country, and the awful hardships of this three weeks march were beyond description. The nights were cold, and often the soldiers were exposed to snow and sleet. The days were hot, and they would suffer from thirst and heat.

General Taylor with a small force had taken a position at the village of Agua Nueva, 18 miles south of Saltillo, and Santa Anna, knowing this, dispatched General Minion with 2000 cavalry, and Urrea with a smaller force to cut the line of com-

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munication between Agua Nueva and Saltillo, the base of Taylor's supplies. These things being skilfully planned, the Mexican army halted at Encarnacion, thirty-six miles from Agua Nueva, and fifty miles from Saltillo, for a few hours rest, before a dash across the desert, where they expected to execute a surprise, and fall on Taylor's army, confidently expecting to capture or annihilate the small command known to be camped there. This last thirty-six miles was across a pitiless desert, where there was not a drop of water for man or beast. On the early morning of February 21st, the Mexican army started on this dash across the desert, each soldier having two scant meals rationed to him.

After a day and night's march, the advance guard reached Agua Nueva on the morning of February 22nd, to find that the Americans had retired to the village of Buena Vista, in the mountain pass six miles away, where General Taylor had well selected his battle ground. Stopping only long enough to give his army a drink, he pressed on, thinking that General Taylor was in full retreat, and hoping to make it a rout.

The ground chosen by the American army gave it every advantage, and indeed it needed these odds, for the entire force available was less than five thousand, and the Mexican army was twenty thousand strong.

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At sunrise on February 22nd, the Indiana and Kentucky troops stationed at the most advanced post could see the Mexican army, as it approached in battle formation across the plain, four miles away, and the scenic effect of this large army approaching in perfect order in the still of the February morning made quite an impression on our soldiers, many of whom had never seen a battle.

The following description, widely printed in the American papers of the time, was given by an eye-witness, who watched the approach from the plateau, where the Texas troops were stationed:

"Soon after sunrise the Mexican army was seen aproaching in the distance, their infantry drawn up in column supported by deep sections of cavalry. As the heavy masses continued to arrive, moving in regular order, they presented a wonderful spectacle. Their new uniforms and burnished arms glittering in the morning sun, and quivering with thousands of reflections seemed like a sea of steel, while the rows of cavalry presented an imposing pomp and grandeur.

"All morning they continued to arrive, until the whole horizon blazoned with the splendor of their arms."

This scenic marvel was, however, something of a morning mirage. A close observation would have rather shown a picture like this:

"A throng in the highway, many in rags, bare-

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headed and barefoot, sad eyed, poorly nourished, miserable looking wretches, moving along to their doom.''

El Presidente rode in a chariot of war, splendidly appointed, drawn by eight mules, and about him on horseback rode his shining staff. They were followed by a train of pack mules, bearing his camp equipage, and eight of these mules were loaded with fighting cocks, the nearest approach to a commissary of which the army could boast.

When the Mexican army was on the firing line, it had marched nearly fifty miles in twenty-four hours, with less than half rations, and only a few hours rest. At noon, Santa Anna, having taken up his headquarters and unpacked his eight crates of fighting cocks, dispatched the following message to the American commander, which was borne under a flag of truce by Doctor Lindenberg, surgeon in the Mexican army:

''You are surrounded by twenty thousand men, and cannot in any human possiblity avoid suffering a rout, and being cut to pieces with your troops. But as you deserve consideration and particular esteem, I wish to save you from a catastrophe, and for that purpose give you this notice, in order that you might surrender at discretion, under the assurance that you will be treated with the consideration belonging to the Mexican character, to which end you will be granted an hour's time to make up

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your mind, to commence from the moment when my flag of truce arrives at your camp. With this view, I assure you of my particular consideration."

General Taylor replied to this verbose communication:

"I beg leave to say that I decline acceding to your request."

After this, the battle began at 3 p. m., and raged with varying fortunes until sundown.

Both armies slept on their arms that night, and the battle was renewed with vigor on the 23rd, and continued until the close of day. The Mexican troops with great bravery hurled themselves again and again en masse upon the positions held by the Americans, and since they outnumbered them, often ten to one, would have destroyed Taylor's army, but for the efficiency of the artillery and rifle fire, which worked devastation in the charging ranks. At one time during the 23rd, Santa Anna availed himself of the ruse of a flag of truce in order to extricate a division of his cavalry from a position in which it was being destroyed by artillery fire, and when the firing lulled, in respect to the flag, he saved his troops, and furled the white flag.

The close of the second day saw no decision of the conflict, and on the night of the 23rd, the armies camped in the positions they had held that day.

But El Presidente knew his poor, unfed army

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could not stand another day's combat, and when darkness fell on the mountains about Buena Vista, he began a retreat, which in its own confusion became a rout, though no one pursued. Hundreds of tired, famished soldiers fell by the wayside, and by morning they had reached Agua Nueva on the edge of the desert. One of the participants in this dreary midnight march has given a graphic account of it:

"The pale moon, which seemed to careen madly across the clouds, barely lighted the sombre scene. An icy breeze blew clouds of dust.

"The troops which formed the rear guard soon overtook and passed the convoy of wounded which had been sent ahead, producing confusion.

"The setting of the moon was another cause of disaster."

In this sad state, the army started on its further retreat on Friday the 26th, and little more than half of it reached San Luis Potosi, 250 miles away, on March 12th. Taylor's army made some show of pursuit, after the Mexicans had gotten across the desert, but did not overtake it. In fact, the American army had been so punished in the two days fighting against vastly superior numbers, that it could not have stood another day's fighting like the last, and when the dawn of the 24th disclosed the Mexican retreat, Taylor and Worth embraced each other in nervous delight.

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Major Carleton, in his "Battle of Buena Vista," gives a graphic account of what the pursuers witnessed along the lines where the retreating army had gone:

"The road was literally strewn with the dead and dying, and with those perishing from fatigue and thirst. The scenes presented when we reached Encarnacion were filled with extreme and utter agony, the greatest misery we had ever looked upon."

One studying the records of the battle of Buena Vista, after the lapse of years, is impressed with the reflection that the Mexican soldier fought with stubborn bravery, and that neither General Taylor nor Santa Anna displayed any noticeable military skill. Santa Anna, goaded on by the arrogant, insulting tone of the Mexican press, rushed out with a mob, to find the American army, and have a fight.

Taylor was aimlessly moving about between Saltillo and Monterey, after he had been directed to abandon the former, and make his headquarters at Monterey, and did not know that the Mexican army was approaching until it had covered nearly 200 miles of the march from San Luis Potosi. Santa Anna displayed his usual rashness, which had gotten him in trouble in many of his previous battles, and notably at San Jacinto. General Taylor showed at least one quality of a great commander,

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viz.: a cool deliberation which never forsook him. The great success of the battle of Beuna Vista made him the next President of the United States.

Santa Anna has an excuse for every reverse in his long life. He laid the loss at San Jacinto on Filisola. The explanation in his memoirs of how he lost Buena Vista is in keeping with it: He would have reached Taylor's army unannounced, and surprised it utterly, but for advice given by a deserter, who rode from his camp in the night, seeking to reach Saltillo. Of the close of the second day, he writes:

"No one doubted that victory would result on the morrow. But, Oh! the instability of human things. Suddenly contentment was changed to grief and desperation. From mouth to mouth was repeated with sadness, Revolution in the capitol. A special messenger conveyed a sealed envelope from the supreme powers, bearing such fatal news. The supreme powers ordered that since they were attacked by an armed factor in their own residences, the army should hasten to save them, and with them, law and order. The minister of war was advising the countermarch of the army. I referred the dispatch to a Junta of my generals, and they decided, and I approved, that we were duty bound to obey the supreme powers.

"In order to better carry out the wishes of the

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government, I proceeded in advance, followed by my chief of staff, and a squadron.

"By traveling thirty leagues a day, I opportunely reached Guadalupe Hidalgo, and with my presence, the scandalous scene which was taking place ceased.

"The insurgents recognized me in my capitol as President, obeyed my orders, disposed of their arms, and retired to their homes."

One would think this a bit of humor, were it not recorded with all seriousness in the old general's memoirs.

His army was on the eve of a great victory, when at the command of a subaltern in the far-away City of Mexico, he, the President of the Republic, and commander in chief of the army, abandoned the coveted victory he had marched so far to win, to hasten back to the capitol, to put down a mob. And in order to facilitate the movement, he led the retreat, riding thirty leagues a day.

* * * *

The campaign in the north was at an end. Taylor advanced no further into the interior, and the Washington government pushed the campaign now begun at Vera Cruz where General Scott landed an army early in March. El Presidente rode hard toward the capitol, and heralded a victory at Buena Vista, and exhibited as an evidence the seventy prisoners captured in January, and two captured

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cannon. The fact that the American army did not move on to San Luis, and to the capitol, was generally accepted for the time being in Mexico as proof of his claims of having won the battle of Buena Vista.

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The Southern Campaign.

The sorry showing which the Mexican army made at Buena Vista was an index to the low morale of the whole nation.

Herrera and Paredes during 1845 and 1846 were loud in declaring war and defying the United States, but their chief interest was in their own political fortunes, and at war with each other, they made no forward step in preparation for the war they so volubly proclaimed. When Santa Anna returned in the autumn of 1846, he made his best endeavors to organize the country for a defense. He stressed the need of money and supplies, but the government was bankrupt, largely through his own three years of misrule and corruption.

When Congress chose him President in December, both the clerical and anti-clerical parties counted on his support, though it was well known that Gomez Farias, who was chosen Vice President, was anti-clergy. Hoping to avoid taking a stand in this crisis, he did not then take the oath of office, but left the government to be administered by the Vice President in the vain hope that Farias might be able to squeeze the money out of the Catholic church, which was absolutely necessary for the great work he had in hand.

When he returned to San Luís Potosi in March, he faced the storm raised by the tax measures, by

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which the government was striving to sustain the army, which were causing riot and almost revolution in the City of Mexico, and he also faced General Winfield Scott, who had captured Vera Cruz, and was organizing an expedition to the capitol.

He gave out assurances that he had won a great victory at Buena Vista, and that he was on his way to meet the new invasion, and as rapidly as possible, organized about six thousand men for action out of the remnant of the army of the Northern Campaign, and in less than a week after he reached San Luis Potosi, he was again on the march. The situation in the capitol was so serious that he hastened toward the city, "riding thirty leagues a day."

He reached Guadalupe Hidalgo, in the suburbs of the capitol, on March 20th, where he was met by a committee sent by Congress to take his oath as President, and here on March 25th, under the most tragic circumstances, he became President of Mexico for the sixth, but not the last, time.

Delegations representing the government and insisting upon the tax laws which congress in its extremity had proposed to finance the war, came out to meet him and urge that he stand for these measures, and indeed he had committed himself to do so. Other delegates from the clergy and high potentates of the church came to meet him, and he found himself faced with the alternative of al-

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lowing the war to go unfinanced, or break with a power which he had never in his twenty-five years of political life dared openly resist.

The fear of the church was too much for him, and he compromised the situation by agreeing to waive the demands of the recent decrees which would have exacted loans of more than fifteen million from the church, for a petty contribution of two million which the clergy made. As a further concession for this sum, Vice President Farias, head of the anti-clerical party, was deposed. These fiscal matters arranged, and a new Vice President provided, quiet was restored in the capital, and El Presidente turned his attention to the enemy now moving inland from Vera Cruz.

Twelve years before, when he was President, and Farias was Vice President, he had used Farias as a dupe to push church reforms, to which they were jointly committed. The opposition of the clergy aroused by these reforms had caused Santa Anna to abandon them, and turn to the church party, and join it in driving Farias from office. And he repeated the exact performance in March, 1847. At this critical period he pledged much of his private fortune to the national defense; if Santa Anna's whole career could be measured by his conduct in this war, he would be a national hero.

It was now April, and El Presidente having

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compromised the difference between the Clericals and the opposition, urged them to peace in the face of the American army now approaching the short route to the capitol from Vera Cruz. He told those about him that he feared the worst, and with a sad heart he left Guadalupe Hidalgo on April 2nd for the front. This was unusual with him, for he was ever an optimist, and prone to accept reverses as fate.

A letter which he dispatched to one of his generals on this date, and which fell into the hands of the invading army some weeks later, warned him that if the American army succeeded in advancing on this route, Mexican freedom was doomed. He rested at one of his estates near Jalapa on the 7th, but had no time for the reflections and schemes he had so often indulged here.

Scott's army was rapidly approaching, and he selected the mountain pass at Cerro Gordo, twenty miles east of Jalapa, to await the enemy. This point was one of the highest in the mountain range, and midway between his large estates, Manga de Clavo and El Encero, and lay amid familiar scenes. The country about had been the play ground of his youth. The road which the invading army must travel lay zigzag about the mountain, and at every turn his artillery could sweep it. It was suggested by some one on the Mexican staff that the neigh-

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boring height of Atalaya be fortified, but Santa Anna, who had known these environs from boyhood, replied in his cocksure air, that a rabbit could not get across the road below to the summit of Atalaya.

General Grant, in his memoirs, describes the detour that was made by the American army:

"Reconnaissance were made by Captain Robert E. Lee, and roadways were opened over chasms the side of which were so steep men could not climb them. Artillery was let down the steep slopes by hand by the use of rope and axle, the guns being let down and hauled up the opposite slopes a piece at a time. All this was done without detection by the Mexican army."

Twiggs' division having out-witted Brer Rabbit, poured deadly artillery fire from Atalaya hill into the Mexican camp on the summit at Cerro Gordo, instead of marching up the zigzag road so well covered by El Presidente's artillery.

The battle was over. Santa Anna and Almonte left the field together, El Presidente riding a mule.

Santa Anna's wooden leg was "captured" by a party of Illinois volunteers, and to this day is on exhibition in a museum in Springfield, Illinois.

He continued his retreat to the village of Orizaba, thirty miles away, where he established headquarters, and went diligently to work in an effort to rally the shattered army, and in a few days suc-

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ceeded in mustering about four thousand men, and with this force he fell back to Puebla, where he arrived on May 11th.

General Worth, commanding the advance of the invading army, reached the vicinity of Puebla about the same time, and El Presidente marched out to a suburb with two thousand cavalry, prepared to give battle.

But as soon as he drew the fire of Worth's division, and without returning a single shot, the entire column wheeled about, and rode away into the hills.

The people of Puebla really preferred an occupation by the American army than the presence of its defenders, and without consulting the commander-in-chief, opened negotiations for the surrender of the city, and it was occupied by General Worth on May 12th.

El Presidente continued his retreat, with fragments of the army reaching the City of Mexico on May 18th. The war was that of the governing class; the leaders or those ambitious to lead, and had little support and no enthusiasm from the middle and lower classes, who, both in Northern Mexico and in the South as well, found life more tolerable under the rule of the American military, which restored order, and paid for supplies, than under the native government, which never did either.

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Santa Anna's military failures against Taylor's army in the North, and Scott's in the South, aroused the suspicion of many who had known him so well in the past, and who had no confidence in him.

It was told by his enemies that he had made a bargain with the Washington government before leaving Havana, and that he had continued to lose the battles he had fought in order to bring his country to propose a peace, which it was generally known that President Polk ardently desired.

News now reached the capitol of what had really happened at Buena Vista, and his claim to a victory which was so stoutly made in March, was entirely dissipated in May, when the awful truth was published broadcast, in bitter pamphlets attacking him.

Those who suspicioned and feared him, however, could not displace him, for there was no one else in Mexico with his administrative ability or military experience, who could be turned to. So they contented themselves for the time with passing a statute which, though it left him free to carry on the war, made it treason for him to propose or attempt to negotiate a peace. The government was powerless to carry on the war, yet made it treasonable to consider peace.

When it was known that El Presidente had abandoned Puebla in May, and was coming into the city, there was much perplexity among those in

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authority in the capitol, just how to handle the situation, and in a dilemma, the congress sent a committee to meet him, and learn his intentions, and to delay his entrance of the city until these intentions were known.

He met this committee at Ayote, eighteen miles from the capitol, and after a conference, he agreed to remain there, pending further details, and sent an offer to resign as president and chief of the army, if congress wished it.

But the committee was no sooner gone with his message than he repented having sent it, and rode into the city on its heels. He at once summoned all the general officers then in the city, and for the first time in his long career seemed willing to take advice.

He put to them the question of peace or war, and they were unanimous for carrying on the war.

He put the question of defending or abandoning the city, and they with the same ardor declared it should be defended.

But no one present had any constructive suggestion how to carry on the war, or defend the city.

At that time, Scott's army was at Puebla, only five days march away, and its advance was hourly expected. A rather intelligent plan of operations was outlined, which called for a line of defense to meet the American army on the road it must ap-

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proach and an inner line of fortifications, and ambitious plans were formed for augmenting the army.

When Santa Anna left Guadalupe Hidalgo for the front in April, he had compromised the conflict between the church party and its opponents, led by his Vice President Gomez Farias, and had agreed to a plan by which one of his generals, Pedro Moria Anaya, had become Vice President ad interim, and this satellite of his had been chief executive for about thirty days.

Having committed all the military leaders to a course of procedure and agreed to it himself, he boldly announced that he would resume the chief magistracy, he having taken the requisite oath as President at Guadalupe Hidalgo in March, and suiting the action to his words, he assumed these high functions, and to give added dignity to the event, took another oath of office on May 21st, before the assembled congress, in which he swore to support the Constitution of 1824, which he had abolished in 1835, and supplanted by another made by his 80 wise men in 1843.

These details disposed of, he issued one of his old-time self-serving manifestos to the nation, which recounted his activities during the late campaign, but which, though pointless, contained a very definite hint that the church must finance the further progress of the war.

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"The co-operation of all classes of society is now essential.

"The clergy cannot in conscience consent to the domination of a people who admit as a dogma of their policy the toleration of all religious sects.

"Is the clergy prepared to permit Protestant churches to be erected in the face of the very Temple in which the Host is adored?

"*The sacrifice of a portion of its property* may preserve it from losing the rest, and along with that, the privileges which our laws respect, and which those of the United States do not allow."

This appeal to the Catholic church had little effect, for the clergy were willing to keep the church's gold, and take chances on the loss of its privileges.

The Polk administration had sought the aid of loyal Catholics in the United States, and through them had sent assurances to the church leaders in Mexico that this government was not unfriendly to the church, and would respect its property. A secret envoy from the Washington government had held midnight sessions with the clergy throughout Southern Mexico, and given and received assurances of neutrality, so far as the church was concerned.

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Proposals for Peace.

The Mexican War was not popular in the United States, and in the north and east opposition to it was violent and outspoken. Almonte, Mexico's minister to the United States, left Washington in 1845, believing that if war with Mexico followed the annexation of Texas, the New England States would secede.

Polk had been elected over the Whig candidate, Henry Clay, by a plurality of only forty thousand votes.

What President Polk desired above all things was a quick, brilliant campaign which would crush the Mexican army, and peace. He was impatient at the slow progress of both Taylor and Scott, and fussed and fumed and wrote criticisms in his diary that they did not follow up their victories more effectively.

He wrote in his diary:

"I would march on to the City of Mexico, would pursue Santa Anna's army, and destroy it. If I had a commander who would lay aside the technical rules of war found in the books, I have no doubt Santa Anna and his army would have been destroyed."

He seemed to expect them to fall on the Mexicans and annihilate them over night, like the destroying angel had wrought havoc with the armies of Sennecherib, when "The might of the Gentile, unsmote

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by the sword, melted like snow in the glance of the Lord."

He knew that the Mexican army was hopelessly beaten, and that the Mexican government must soon come to his terms for peace. It seemed that everybody in the world knew this, except the Mexican government, which betrayed not the slightest symptom of desiring peace, nor of prosecuting the war with any force. Nor did it seem likely that the aforesaid government would develop the desired symptoms in time for the next election in the United States.

As early as January, 1847, before Buena Vista, and before Scott's Vera Cruz campaign was begun, the same Colonel Atocha who had so grievously misinformed the Washington government as to Santa Anna's plans the year before, when El Presidente was yet in Havana, turned up in Washington with a new assortment of up-to-date advices regarding the confidential attitude of his patron. President Polk thought, and possibly correctly, that he had been sent to sound out the American government on the terms of peace. While the colonel had no credentials, and shrewdly disclaimed any official status, yet he had letters showing he was on intimate terms with Santa Anna, Almonte, and others, and seemed anxious to begin conversations about peace, and the State Department listened to Colonel Atocha's suggestions. The colo-

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nel was "inclined to believe" that his illustrious friends in high place in Mexico might be interested in a treaty which would fix the Rio Grande as a boundary, with California thrown in for a monied consideration of, say, twenty million dollars.

These vague "unofficial" suggestions led the State Department to entrust to Atocha a communication to open negotiations for peace, and to submit definite proposals, and armed with this document, this worthy individual reached the Mexican capitol a few days before the battle of Buena Vista.

While the dispatch made no intimation as to the terms to which the Washington government would submit, yet Colonel Atocha, fresh from the States, undertook to forecast these terms, and the American note was placed before the Mexican congress, with his interpretation that the United States would demand a boundary due west from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Pacific, for which it was willing to pay twenty million dollars.

Gomez Farias, then vice president, and acting president, while El Presidente was away at war, led in a determination to flatly refuse negotiations, much to the disappointment of Polk and his cabinet. There is little doubt that Santa Anna inspired Atocha's mission to Washington, yet he was too crafty to give any aid to a peace movement at that time.

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Besides, he was fighting the battle of Buena Vista the very day the matter was discussed by his government at the capitol. So anxious was the Polk administration to hurry the conclusion of peace that it took little notice of this rebuff, and in April, after news of the victories of Taylor's and Scott's armies had arrived, an envoy was sent to Mexico, to be ready for the discussion of peace, as soon as he could get an audience with the enemy government.

Nicholas P. Trist, of Virginia, an under-Secretary of State, and related by marriage to Jefferson, was sent on this important errand, and Secretary of State Buchanan entrusted him with a sample copy of a treaty which would be satisfactory to this government. The boundary was to be the Rio Grande, from its mouth to where it intersects the line of New Mexico, near El Paso, and to go west, so as to include Upper and Lower California. For the cession of the Californias, the government was willing to pay a sum of money not named, and Trist was authorized to go as high as thirty million dollars. Mr. Trist, armed with this tentative treaty, and letters to the Mexican government, was soon in Vera Cruz, where, with singular bad taste, he raised a great quarrel with General Scott, who was yet at Puebla, waiting for reinforcements, and supplies, to enable him to move on to the City of Mexico.

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General Scott was a man of great military skill, and long experience with the American army, but was a vain person, and being a Whig in politics, his relations with the Polk administration, under which he held his commission, were the very worst.

General Scott refused to forward the dispatches to the Mexican government, of which Trist was the bearer, or to recognize Trist, and Trist augmented the ugly quarrel by writing an insulting letter to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and sending his dispatches to the Mexican capitol through the British embassy.

He promptly received a reply, indicating that General Santa Anna would be glad to receive advances from the American government upon peace terms.

El Presidente was fully advised of the quarrel between Scott and Trist, and employed it to gain more time. Late in June, however, these worthies made up their difference, and plans for war and peace moved along more smoothly.

While these things were happening on our side of the line, there were some latent symptoms of a desire for peace at the Mexican capitol.

Suspicious of Santa Anna, congress had by a statute taken away his power to propose a peace and left him only the privilege of carrying on a war without providing him the slightest means of doing so. So when Trist had smuggled the note

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from the American State Department through the British embassy, El Presidente, mindful of the April statute, which made it treasonable per se for him to communicate with the Washington government, did two things. *Openly* he laid the communications before congress, and tried to force it to assume the responsibility for a course of action. *Secretly* he opened a back stair line of communication with Mr. Trist, who had installed himself at Puebla. Both of these maneuvers brought interesting developments.

Since the secret negotiations moved somewhat more rapidly, we will follow them first:

Late in July, he clandestinely got the hint to Trist at Puebla that he was strongly inclined to an early peace, the progress of which would be greatly accelerated if he could have cash in hand one million dollars when the treaty was signed, and that it would also hurry this acceleration if he had ten thousand *at once,* a kind of earnest money to bind the deal, and this was sent to him. When this highly commercial proposition reached Puebla, it found Secretary Trist and General Scott at harmony, both anxious to further the benign purpose of peace.

A council of war was held in Puebla, attended by Scott and his generals, and Trist, where they earnestly debated the alternatives of moving on to

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Mexico, and annihilating Santa Anna, or bribing him into submission and peace.

Some were for annihilation—others for bribery, and in this quandary, they turned to General Gideon J. Pillow, of Tennessee, who had the credit of having manipulated Polk's nomination in the Baltimore convention of 1844, to know what he, as the next friend of the President of the United States, would advise, and General Pillow spoke strongly for bribery.

El Presidente, however, advised both courses, that he should first be annihilated, *then* bribed, and his back stair emissaries allowed that if the American army which had lain dormant at Puebla since April would move nearer the capitol, and make a vigorous demonstration, that the reluctant Mexican congress might do something to hasten the *open* negotiations.

Santa Anna always reasoned "That his country's extremity was his opportunity." When in Havana, in exile, the year before, he had hinted that if Taylor would march to the Rio Grande, and Admiral Connor would blockade Vera Cruz, that "desirable results" might follow. The "desirable results" which he had in mind was his hurried recall to lead his country's defense.

And now, with Scott's army lying at Puebla for weeks, within five days march of the capitol, there

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was much sedition and strife in the city, and loud clamor and dark intrigue for El Presidente's elimination. If the invading army would make a hostile gesture, these conspirators, who were harrassing him, might take to their heels, and he could unite the factions in the common defense. At any event, he felt safer when the enemy were pressing, and he invited this show of pressure.

The proposal for these open negotiations had been before congress for some weeks, and had been debated with much evasion.

Congress did not want to assume any responsibility, and it was suggested that the President negotiate, although under the April statute passed by this very Congress, it would be high treason for him to do so. El Presidente did not choose *at this time* to assume such responsibility, and commit high treason, well knowing that he would be made "the goat" if anything went wrong. And so congress went on from day to day, urging the president to commit treason, making no move to repeal the April statute, and the President virtuously declining to commit *treason,* but actively conniving at the lesser crime of bribery.

An attache of the British Legation, who was keeping Trist advised, wrote him in August:

"Santa Anna has addressed congress the plain question, whether they desire peace or war, but is unable to get them to meet or give him an

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answer. He has said to several people that he must let General Scott advance close up to the capitol, then since he is abandoned by congress, he can negotiate peace as a military necessity. He knows his enemies are raising the war cry merely to bring on his overthrow.''

Since peace could only be hastened by a war like demonstration, General Scott prepared a statement which was gotten to Santa Anna, in which he advised that he would advance upon the capitol, and would either defeat the enemy in view of the city, if they would give him a battle, or would take a strong position from the enemy, and if he could restrain the enthusiasm of his troops, he would halt outside of the city, and give the Mexican government a chance to save the capitol by making peace.

This stage war being duly planned, the American army marched from Puebla on the morning of August 7th, 1847, to work the pre-arranged annihilation of El Presidente.

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In the Valley of the City of Mexico.

On the early morning of August 7th, 1847, the American army marched out of Puebla to "*conquer a peace.*"

As Twigg's division was about to march away, the general, standing in his stirrups, waved his hat, his white locks giving him the appearance of a patriarch, and shouted: "Let's give a Cerro Gordo yell," and two thousand throats sent up a shout which was taken up by the whole army, and the palace fairly shook with the terrific sound. As the echoes died away, the "forward march" was sounded, and the first divisions marched off, with bands playing and banners flying, for the conquest of Mexico.

Three days later, they crossed the divide, and saw from the heights of Rio Frio the towers and steeples of the City of Mexico.

The invading army began its descent into the valley on the 12th of August, and on the 13th, had reached the margin of Lake Chalco, less than twenty miles from the capitol. The road which the army must travel lay between this lake and Lake Tezcuco to the north, through low ground rendered impassable by recent rains, except along the narrow roadway.

On the margin of the latter lake, and commanding the road, stood the hill El Penon, three hun-

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dred feet high. Upon this elevation, El Presidente had stationed himself, with 7,000 men and thirty cannon.

His headquarters were eight miles from the city, and the road was filled with volunteers who were hastening to his camp to enlist.

Everywhere there were cheers for the Republic, and the President, and imprecations for the enemy. At every corner, bands were playing the national airs.

There were well fortified places on the other side of the road, from El Penon, and they were filled with strong garrisons, and heavy artillery, and since it was necessary for the enemy army to pass this way, it must either storm these impregnable positions, or run the gauntlet of their destructive cross fire.

In the vicinity of these last places, General Valencia commanded a wing of the army, embracing more than 4,000 of the best soldiers in the service, well supported with artillery, and blocked the other road, by which an advance was thought possible.

At Cerro Gordo, Santa Anna had with a cocksure air which was his habit declared that a rabbit could not get through the woods, which flanked Atalaya Hill, and he disdained the suggestion of fortifying it, with the result that Twigg's com-

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mand made its way to this eminence, drawing up its artillery, and poured a fire into the Mexican camp, which brought on disaster.

So here at El Penon, in an impregnable position, he waited for Scott's army to come down the highway within range of his guns, with Valencia fortified across the way, ready to cross fire on the luckless foe.

But the "luckless foe," instead of marching down this perilous highway to its certain doom, circled the Lake Chalco, marching around its southern margin, and out of the range of the guns so carefully trained on the traveled road, and on the morning of August 17th, was in the vicinity of Tlalpam, almost due south of the City of Mexico, and within striking distance of Valencia's command.

This left the fortified position of Santa Anna's division obsolete as it were, and El Presidente ordered Valencia to fall back to a position nearer the city where he could have articulated with El Penon, and they could have presented a formidable front. He planned that with a union of his forces and those of Valencia, which could easily be accomplished by Valencia's falling back as ordered, that he could risk a general battle, in which he would have more than three times as many fighting men as could be mustered against him.

But Valencia declared that his military con-

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science would not permit such a blunder, and that he would stay where he was, and destroy the enemy after his own fashion. And he fortified himself, and was obdurate to all orders to fall back.

The position taken by Valencia commanded the only passable road from Tlalpam, where Worth's division was now camped, and Valencia was bent on staying on his hill, and pulverizing the enemy as it marched by under the range of his guns.

In fact, it seemed to him treachery for the Commander-in-Chief to suggest any other course.

But instead of marching up the highway under Valencia's guns, or directly assaulting Valencia's fortified position, the enemy again turned to the left around these positions, and across "utterly impassable" country, over lava beds, soaked with recent rains.

In this way, Valencia was in a fair way to be surrounded and attacked from the rear. The quick eye of El Presidente from his fortified hill El Penon, saw this danger, and caused him to urge again that Valencia fall back and take a position nearer the city, which would keep the two armies in contact, but Valencia stubbornly refused to move. Since he would not come to Santa Anna, El Presidente decided to go to aid him, and on the afternoon of the 19th, he moved across the country from his fortified hill with some six thousand men, for now he saw the Americans would soon have

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Valencia surrounded and cut off. In order to keep Valencia's attention, a considerable American force in front of his position kept a feint of attack, and fell back under the fire of his batteries, and when they did this, he thought he had defeated the whole army, and in answer to Santa Anna's frantic appeal to retreat, he insolently replied that he was holding the entire American army at bay, and would soon annihilate it. Late at night, on the 19th, the American feint attack in front having withdrawn, Valencia sent Santa Anna a dispatch in reply to orders to retreat: "This triumphant camp, after a desperate battle with the whole American army, has put it to shameful flight." Through the night he celebrated his victory, and promoted a number of his officers, and prepared further dispatches to be broadcasted on the morrow, announcing that he had saved the Republic.

A torrential rain storm fell late in the evening of the 19th, and prevented Santa Anna's reinforcing army from reaching Valencia, and darkness found him at the village of San Angle, four miles away, and as the night advanced, the storm grew more intense, and rendered the intervening country across lava beds impassable, so that with the dawn, Santa Anna fell back.

But the torrential rain storm which raged during the night, and made it utterly impossible for El Presidente to go forward, did not deter the in-

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vesting movement of the American army, which was surrounding Valencia's position at Contreras Hill, and they planned a daylight attack from all sides.

While this early morning attack was planned from the rear, a division in front again attracted the attention of the victorious Valencia, and at sunrise on the 20th, he was suddenly attacked on three sides by 5,000 American infantry, which had approached so cautiously that it was upon his breastworks before its presence was known.

The valiant defender of the Republic fled, and in half an hour his command of six thousand men was routed, and all supplies taken. He rode hard toward the West Coast, and never seemed to quite understand just what had happened.

This battle, which began at sunrise on the 20th, lasted through the day, as the invading army moved on toward the city, and took one after another of the fortified places.

After the destruction of Valencia's division, El Presidente fell back toward the city, and sent orders to the scattered outposts directing a withdrawal of all forces into the city. He took little part in the series of battles fought on the 20th, and nightfall of that disastrous day found him in the Palace of the Presidents, in the city, with Scott's army so near that the city must fall on the morrow.

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General Scott wrote in his memoirs:

"After the victories of the 19th and 20th, we could have occupied the city on the evening of the 20th, but Mr. Trist and myself had been admonished by the best friends of peace against precipitation lest by driving away the government dishonored, we might scatter the elements of peace, excite a spirit of desperation, and thus indefinitely postpone the hope of accommodation. Deeply impressed with this danger, and remembering our mission to conquer a peace, I halted our victorious army at the gates of the city."

El Presidente faced a sad situation as he sat in the halls of the presidential palace Friday night. But his instinct for intrigue never forsook him, and he had recourse to negotiations for an armistice to keep the invaders out of the city. Indeed, the situation which he hinted at some months ago seemed to have arrived, when the urgencies of the situation justified him in taking matters in his own hands.

But even in this dire extremity, neither Santa Anna nor any one about him would make a direct move, and instead of addressing themselves to the matter of an armistice, they undertook at midnight on the last day before the city must fall, to answer the note which the American government had presented through Trist just four months before, and in this belated answer, they advised that

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they were now willing to hear *what proposals Mr. Trist had to make, and if they were consistent with the honor of the Mexican Republic,* they would undertake to *discuss* a peace.

These vague hints no doubt inspired Scott and Trist to believe that El Presidente was able and willing to start peace negotiations in earnest, and the great anxiety of the Washington government for a quick peace led the American commander to make a futile and ill advised armistice.

In reply to the meaningless midnight message, Scott manifested his anxiety for peace proposals in the following awkward note, which the Mexican President was quick to turn to his political purposes:

"Sir: Too much blood has already been shed in this unnatural war between the two great Republics of this continent. It is time that the differences between them should be amicably settled * * * In order to open the way for the two Republics to enter into negotiations, I desire to execute on reasonable terms a short armistice."

The Mexican President, desirous above all things on earth for a truce which would save the city, maneuvered to have it thus thrust upon him, without asking it, and ungraciously slapped General Scott in his reply, in which he wrote:

"It is certainly lamentable that a lack of con-

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sideration for the rights of Mexico should have led to the shedding of blood * * * With great exactness, your excellency has characterized this war as unnatural * * * alone by reason of its motives. * * *

"*The proposition of an armistice to put an end to this scandal, is acceded to with pleasure, etc.* * * *"

The terms of the armistice pledged nothing, but stipulated that it was "for the purpose of enabling the Mexican government to *take into consideration* the proposals for peace made by the President of the United States."

One reading these communications, not knowing the circumstances, would think that a victorious Mexican President was grudgingly agreeing to a truce at the urgent prayer of the American commander.

Both Trist and Scott believed that having moved *near* and *menaced* the city as had been suggested by secret emissaries of Santa Anna, while they were at Puebla, that the Mexican President would now take active steps to accomplish the coveted peace. It was very soon evident, however, that if the Mexican congress must be consulted, that the president could not control the situation, for Trist wrote his government:

"Santa Anna can count only a small minority, and nothing he can now do will receive the sanction

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of congress, the factions which control it being bent on his destruction."

He at once appealed to the congress to act and share the responsibility of peace negotiations, but the members left the city so that no quorum could be had, thus throwing the entire task of action on the president, but with the premeditated purpose of opposing whatever he did. He named three peace commissioners, but they declined to act. He named three more, and finally got a tentative committee. There were many currents and counter-currents in Mexican political life, which tended to confuse the situation and render it impossible to get congress to act. It was now generally known in Mexico that the United States would pay a vast sum of money for the cession of California, and it was determined that Santa Anna should not make a peace, and have the spending of this money, for his past conduct in fiscal affairs did not inspire confidence in his integrity. They hoped that the American army would do for them what they had never been able to do for themselves, *destroy Santa Anna.*

While the chief factor no doubt was jealousy and hatred against Santa Anna, yet there was a considerable party in the Republic which despaired of ever seeing peace and order in Mexico after more than twenty years of revolution, and which

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devoutly hoped that the United States would conquer the country and annex it.

When the commission met with Trist a few days later they advised that their credentials given by Santa Anna authorized them merely *to hear the proposals which Trist had come out from Washington in April to present.* They were strictly enjoined to make no suggestions of their own in answer to anything Trist might offer. Mr. Trist now delivered the ready made treaty, drafted in Washington, in January, and which he had brought out with him, leaving open of course negotiations for the cash payment for California.

As already noted, this proposed treaty required the cession of all territory north of the Rio Grande, and New Mexico, and west to the ocean, or about half of all of Mexico.

Not only the Mexican commissioners, but every class of people in Mexico, *professed* to be astounded and outraged at these proposals, and no one in authority was willing to countenance them, or admit the necessity for accepting them. Santa Anna was more afraid of his political enemies in Mexico than of the American army, and was zealous to refrain from being in any way responsible for an overture for peace, though he full well knew the alternative was further war, which meant his doom, and the doom of his country. He caused a counter-proposal that Mexico would cede that part

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of Texas beyond the Nueces, the United States to pay for Texas a sum equal to one-half the price which the statutes of the United States fixed for public lands. The cession of New Mexico or California or any other territory was refused. All other American demands, including payment of the claims due American citizens, which had been pressed for ten years, were declined, and the American army must be withdrawn at once, without waiting for congress to ratify the treaty.

Scott now saw he was not *"conquering a peace,"* by these mock negotiations, and he addressed a note to General Santa Anna, complaining of breaches of the armistice in several particulars, and had an insolent reply breathing defiance.

Santa Anna had assumed the responsibility of flatly refusing the peace proposals embodied in Trist's treaty, and the armistice was by its own terms at an end. He wrote General Scott:

"I have been patient, hoping for the end of a scandalous war, which your excellency has properly called unnatural. I am aware that your threats to renew hostilities is to force me to sign a treaty which would take much territory of the Republic and would affect the dignity and honor which all must defend at every hazard. * * * If you persist, then no other mode is left me, but to repel force by force."

It was a matter of much conjecture by those who

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participated in this crisis just what Santa Anna's real sentiments and intentions were. Was he sincere in his overtures at peace, made while Scott was at Puebla? He knew for months the terms of peace which the Washington government would propose, and insist upon. He knew better than any other Mexican that the continuance of the war meant still further defeat, and at the hour he wrote the defiant note, on September 6th, declaring a renewal of hostilities, he knew he must fly from the city in a few hours.

Those near him at this time, including the British Minister Bankhead, believed that he would have gladly signed Trist's treaty, and ended the war, but he knew it meant his overthrow, and he chose to take his chances in further war with the United States, rather than face the result with his people of having favored such a treaty.

Then, too, he may have been looking forward to future years with the plan, to be able to say for political purposes that he has opposed this humiliating peace, and that it was made without his sanction. The language he used in his closing with Scott in the face of the disaster which he knew would follow, would have been the fitting climax of a great character, a worthy career.

It is said that he was led or forced to this course by Tornel, who desired his ruin. In the past, Santa Anna had taken advice from no one, and it seems

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unlikely that he did so now. All his life he had been a political adventurer. He had been in more desperate straits before, and had sometimes won, and he played and lost as he had often done before.

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The Fall of Mexico.

One is disposed to forget much of the wickedness in Santa Anna's career in admiration of the furious effort with which he defended the city against the American army in September, 1847.

When the armistice was signed, the invaders were investing the city from the south about four miles away, and there they camped during the two weeks truce. To their left, and about three miles from the heart of the city, the hill of Chepultepec was occupied by Mexican soldiers.

At various places about the city and its suburbs, were garrisoned places where Mexican soldiers were stationed, and in many instances, buildings had been converted into temporary fortresses.

It was estimated by General Scott that more than 20,000 men had been stationed in the various fortified places before hostilities were resumed on September 7th.

The attack which began on Chepultepec on the 7th opened a series of battles about these Mexican fortresses, which raged for a week.

Santa Anna was everywhere during this week of battles. The disposition of his troops and the plans for defense which he arranged were from a military standpoint above criticism.

He saw fortress after fortress taken by the Americans, without serious or effective opposition, but these successive losses never deterred him as he

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marched from place to place, and desperately rallied the dazed, dull soldiery.

Driven from one post after another, he fixed his headquarters at the citadel, where he did his uttermost to rush reinforcements to beleagured places.

After Chepultepec had fallen, he had fortified a place called Belen, on the road, which led from the former place, directly into the city, and left General Terres in command, while he hurried to consolidate other defenses.

During the day, September 13th, he had report after report of disaster where his garrisons had fled at first attack, or surrendered without resistance, and near the close of the day, he heard that Belen had been abandoned, and when he met General Terres, to whom he had confided the defense of this place, his nerves gave way, and he struck him, and had his insignia of rank taken from him.

Monday night, September 13th, saw El Presidente driven back to the citadel where the remnant of the defensive army crowded in confusion.

Here after the firing of the day had ceased, and the American army had slowed down for a night's rest before the final assault on the morrow, the Mexican commander and his battered staff held a dismal council of war, where the woes of Mexico and the causes thereof were debated.

The following from Santa Anna's report illus-

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trates the hopeless reflections and conclusions of this last council:

"Regrets were expressed at the situation to which we had been reduced by the disobedience of some, and the cowardice of others, and the general lack of morale of our army. * * * Our continued revolutions and social disorder had aggravated the situation. Our soldiers had no supplies, and for four days had not been fed, nor was there any food for them on the next day.

"There was not sufficient ammunition for another day's fighting.

"The citadel where we were concentrated could not stand an artillery siege for two hours."

In his memoirs he speaks of this doleful night:

"At 8 o'clock, I left the horse, which I had been riding since 4 a. m., to preside over the Junta of Generals. Overcome with fatigue, without food all day, my clothes pierced with bullets, and bowed down with pain, I sat three hours discussing the situation."

Under these forbidding circumstances, it was determined to abandon the city that night, and at midnight the army began its march toward Guadalupe Hidalgo, and at dawn on Tuesday morning, September 14th, El Presidente, at the head of four thousand men, was on his way out.

With his usual energy, he was not without a plan, and as soon as he reached Guadalupe Hidal-

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go, he conceived the bold idea of marching back on Puebla, and cutting Scott's line of communications, and if he had possessed even a small command, with his energy and determination, he might have brought disaster to the invaders by such a move.

He quickly reasoned that he could muster nearly six thousand men for this venture, and by midday on the 14th was on the march.

At San Christobal, he was overtaken by a messenger from the City of Mexico, with tidings that the populace had arisen in its fury, and had Scott's army at bay, and with help might be able to drive the invaders out of the city.

As usual, he did not stop to consider the improbability of this report, but faced about with his detachment, and was at once riding toward the city, and before sunset, he and Alvarez were at the northern gate of the city, and after nightfall, they rode through the outskirts, and ventured far down toward the palace, but heard no evidence of the furious uprising, and the same night rode back to Guadalupe Hidalgo.

On the morning of the 16th, two members of his cabinet were with him at Guadalupe, and he issued a decree, resigning from the presidency of the republic, declaring his purpose to continue the war and the necessity of devoting himself entirely to the military.

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On the same day, he resumed the march to Puebla, which had been interfered with by rumors of an uprising in the capitol.

General Scott had left a small garrison of about 2,000 men at Puebla, under Colonel Childs, when the American army marched for Mexico on August 7th, and it had been harrassed by an irregular Guerrilla warfare, which had done little harm for want of effective guns.

On September 21st, General Santa Anna reached Puebla, and in his usual fashion, sent a summons to surrender to Colonel Childs, informing him that he was surrounded by an army of 8,000 men, and resistance would be useless.

For nearly ten days, he continued a kind of siege of Child's forces, but his army seemed utterly demoralized, and without equipment or supplies.

Reinforcements under General Jospeh Lane were approaching from Vera Cruz, and since he was unable to dislodge Childs or bully him into surrendering, he thought best to go out and attack Lane's approaching column, and on October 1st, he moved on to meet the new force, which consisted of freshly recruited volunteers, just from the States.

He writes in his memoirs that he was about to capture Colonel Childs at Puebla, when he got news that Lane's army, with reinforcements, was approaching.

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When he had gone about thirty miles from Puebla, all of his army had deserted but a small detachment of about 1,000 men.

He encountered Lane's army of about 2,500 men near Jalapa, on October 9th, and here El Presidente fought his last battle with the Americans. It resulted in a quick rout of his now reduced forces, and the last remnants of the Mexican army was scattered, and the Commander-in-Chief, almost deserted, rested for a day at the village of Huamantla. Here, on October 12th, he was overtaken by a messenger from the Mexican government at Queretaro, suspending him from command, and summoning him to appear before a court of inquiry, to answer for his conduct in the late campaign, and for the loss of the capitol of the Republic.

In his memoirs, he graphically tells how he was ready to strike Lane's army, and sure of victory, when a message came from the government ad interim, staying his hand, and advising that peace was proposed, that thus he was robbed of his last chance to defeat an American army.

The old warrior issued an address to the small remnant of troops which remained with him, declaring that he was being deposed by his enemies, so that they could conclude the shameful peace which he had so stoutly refused to make, and set off among the hills almost alone, to join his family

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at Tahuacan, about fifty miles away, where he remained in seclusion, until the following January.

An American scouting party from Puebla raided this place late in January, 1848, and but for his timely flight, he would have been captured.

Leaving Tahuacan, he endeavored to reach the west coast through the state of Oaxa, but Juarez, the governor of that state, sent him orders not to come within its borders.

Speaking of this event, in his memoirs, he writes: "Benito Juarez had the barbaric pleasure to deny me asylum.

"He never forgave me for having served me at a meal in December, 1828, when I was a guest at the home of Don Manuel Embides, in Oaxa, when Juarez was a barefoot Indian boy, wearing short cotton breeches. I was surprised that this low Indian should have figured in Mexico."

His courage and initiative gone, he gave up the fight, and wrote the ad interim government at Queretaro for permission to leave Mexico. Under a pass from theAmerican commander, he reached Vera Cruz, and embarked for Jamaica, April 5, 1848.

General Scott, in his memoirs, notes that the beautiful young wife of Santa Anna asked for a passport to join her husband, and the old Beau Brummel adds that he thought of calling on her, but on reflection decided not to do so.

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The Conquered Peace.

El Presidente had now fled from the capitol, but there was a fragment of a government at Queretaro, where a remnant of the late congress had foregathered, and a de facto president had assumed a show of executive functions.

In October, 1847, while Santa Anna was lumbering along the Puebla, Vera Cruz way, making his last military efforts against Childs and Lane, Mr. Nicholas P. Trist, who was yet in Mexico with his sample treaty, located the fugitive ad interim government at Queretaro, and sought to open negotiations. He dispatched a note, indicating his purpose, and a month later had a reply, advising that commissioners had been named to confer with him. Here at last was some real progress. But on October 6th, the Washington government had sent a dispatch recalling Trist, and cancelling his commission. Twenty days later, Secretary Buchanan had sent a second emphatic brow-beating message to the same effect, and these two documents reached Trist at the same time on November 16th.

Trist had arrogated to himself the functions of censor, and had first quarreled with General Scott, and after he and Scott had reconciled their differences, he had beguiled away the time by writing back to Washington a series of foolhardy letters criticizing everybody in general, and the war department in particular, and having antagonized

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everybody, and pleased nobody, it was decided to retire him to private life. But in those good old days, it took long weeks for a message to go from Mexico to Washington, and since he could not get passage home for some time, he decided to employ his time to a useful purpose, and proceeded along these lines:

He advised the slow Mexican commission that his recall had arrived, and it was now too late for him to have negotiations with it. The inference was that they had sinned away their opportunity by delays. For the first time, there was an anxiety among the native gentry, for all this might mean that the Washington government had decided to keep the whole country, rather than that portion north and west of the Rio Grande. So they urged Mr. Trist to treat, and offered to go on with the negotiations in the face of this recall. At first he demurred but finally as an act of grace, he condescended to hear what they had to say.

He had been trying for a year to get an audience with someone in authority, to whom he could exhibit the treaty he had brought out of Washington with him, and now he was being pursued and persuaded to come on and negotiate. It required two weeks perilous riding to get to Vera Cruz, and two more weeks to get to Washington, and since no envoy had come to replace him, Mr. Trist decided to try his treaty on them. And in order to start

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right, he dispatched a defiant note to his government, acknowledging receipt of his recall, and advising that when he did come home, he would bring a treaty of peace with him, whether they liked it or not.

In order to make his position perfectly clear, he wrote a long letter to Secretary of State Buchanan, giving him and the folks at home some good advice, pointing out the mistakes of General Scott, and indicating clearly that the General had won the war on the wrong plan. He particularly unbosomed himself to the Secretary of State and the President of the United States about the wickedness of General Pillow, who was President Polk's pet general. In fact, his letter covered almost the whole range of personal, political and military events, and contained many gratuitous suggestions for the future guidance of the administration. Having started this long epistle on its long way to Washington, his mind was free for business. It was now December, and Mr. Trist thought he should work very fast, for fear the next dispatch from Washington would order his arrest and return home in irons. They labored and negotiated for days and weeks. His sample treaty called for the surrender of all territory north of the Rio Grande, and west to the Pacific. The Mexican commissioners balked and bargained. It was like pulling teeth to get their consent to give up half of their national area.

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But Mr. Trist was obdurate, and the American army occupied the capitol, and manifested a readiness to renew hostilities on short notice.

Often the negotiations seemed about to fail, and Trist would threaten to go home, though in fact he feared that any day might verify this threat with a military escort. He did not dare submit their counter-proposals to Washington for consideration, for he would only get another demand to come home. So he bullied through the treaty he had brought out with him, and when he came to fill in the amount of indemnity left blank, which the United States would pay for the ceded territory, he agreed with them on fifteen million, one-half of the authorized amount. Whether he would get the signature of the Mexican Commissioners before a dispatch from Washington for his arrest was now a race, and he hurried the former with all his might, and watched for the letter day and night. But the dove of peace beat the sheriff, and on February 2nd, 1848, just as the sun went down, the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo was signed at the Shrine of the Virgin, where El Presidente had prayed so fervently as he went out of Buena Vista. And in these January days, 1848, while the treaty was being negotiated, and gotten in form for signature, and the plenipotentiaries were gathering for the final act in the great drama, a Yankee millwright discovered streams of gold in the Sacra-

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mento River, in far-away California, and news of this great fact reached the States, shortly after Mr. Trist and his treaty. For now this Virginia gentleman, grand-son-in-law and protege of Thomas Jefferson, betook himself to the States, and fairly flung the conquered treaty in the face of the Washington government. Polk and his cabinet shrieked at the insolence of this insubordinate envoy. Leaders in the Senate demanded that the treaty be ignored, and a commission of distinguished political persons be sent to have this treaty renegotiated with such pomp and ceremony as would comport with the dignity of the nation. But the practical mind of the President led him to send the Trist treaty to the Senate for ratification, where it was accepted, with a minor modification.

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El Presidente the Last Time.

The American army began its march out of Mexico in May, 1848, and on June 3rd, Jose Joaquin de Herrera was re-elected to the presidency to fill out the term from which he had been driven by Paredes in 1846. Herrera's administration was at once beset with faction and revolution which began as soon as the American troops were out of sight. As early as February, 1849, one Leonardo Marquez started the annual spring outbreak by declaring for the return of General Santa Anna. There was a plan on foot to have the followers of El Presidente throughout the country join this enterprise, but before it could be well started, Bustamente, who commanded the troops at Queretaro, availed himself of the happy privilege of suppressing it for the time being, and though war and disorder was rife through the country, yet Herrera managed to hold his seat until the end of his term in 1850. There was a wild campaign for the presidency in 1850, and among the aspirants was Arista, Almonte, and even Santa Anna, who, though in exile, yet his election was warmly urged by a very considerable following. Arista was chosen, and began a perilous administration in 1851, which he was never permitted to finish. All the habits of revolt and insurrection of the olden days before the war were manifest in these days, and General Arista was confronted with a new outbreak in some remote

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place almost as often as changes in the moon. While these wars were ebbing and flowing there was a constant undercurrent of intrigue for the return of El Presidente, and as early as September, 1852, there was an open avowal for the overthrow of Arista, and the return of Santa Anna, which had large support in the army, and the friendly feeling of the clergy. By the end of the year, poor Arista found himself unable to longer carry on, and resigned in despair, and his passing made way for the return of Santa Anna. After a year of confusion and disorder, there was a presidential election in March, 1853, and Santa Anna was chosen by an almost unanimous vote. At the time he was residing in Cartagena, in South America, in a house which had once been the abode of the great Simon Bolivar, but on April 15th, he was in Vera Cruz, where he was received with the loudest acclamations that had ever greeted him in his long life. The radical element cheered his return, for during the greater part of his life he had been a pronounced advocate of popular government. He had overthrown the empire thirty years before and had often reiterated his liberal convictions. The conservative hailed him, for they knew he was at heart a despot, and would rule with an iron hand if he could do so. The corrupt political adventurers who had participated in the spoils of his former administration saw a return of the good old days.

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Many patriotic men of the type of Lucas Alaman hoped that in his old age he might be constrained to rule with wisdom, and the unhappy condition of the land was such that any change which promised a gleam of hope was welcome. Here in 1853, when universal chaos and anarchy engulfed the country, the poor helpless nation turned again to him as it had often done before. And after many vicissitudes and misfortunes, he slept again at Manga de Clavo, and journeyed on in a triumphal march, where thousands vied with each other in acclamations of noisy welcome. The bells were rung in the churches, the villages were gaudy with banners, the highways were filled with flowers and here and there cannon boomed the Presidential Salute.

On April 21, 1853, Santa Anna for the seventh and last time assumed the presidency of Mexico. He was now in his 59th year, and had been in military and public life for forty-five years. It would be hard to picture the true conditions of anarchy and the low level to which the nation had sunk, in its thirty years of independence. No sane man in Mexico could now advocate sincerely a popular elective or democratic form of government. Yet no one dared openly espouse a monarchy or dictatorship. Many patriotic and educated Mexican leaders saw no hope, except in a monarchy, and overtures had been made to most of the reigning families in Europe to connive at a plan for

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placing a European prince upon a throne in Mexico. Ten years later, these influences brought the Austrian Prince Maximilian to try out that venture. El Presidente knew that his countrymen were wholly incapable of self-government. He knew that the only hope to maintain a stable government was to combine the influence of the church and the army, and rule behind and through them with a firm hand. This expediency well suited his purposes, and he proceeded accordingly. He probably hoped to succeed this time, though these same plans had often failed him. His first step was to establish an autocratic central government, and he made the states into departments, much as he had done in 1835, and again in 1842, and went so far as to take away local self-government in the towns. Bustamente, who had retired to the side lines on his approach, might well have charged him with being "addicted to centralism," although it is not of record that he did so.

The chief reliance of the new government was an army of about 100,000 men, which El Presidente organized along the most approved and up-to-date lines, and upon which he depended to maintain himself in power, and to keep order against the brigandage which infested every highway since the withdrawal of the American army five years before. But this large army meant more money and the country was so demoralized that it could not bear

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additional tax burdens, and a deficit was at once apparent.

Here again, as often before, the church wealth was looked upon with covetous eye, and Huro, the new minister of finance, offered the church an advantageous opportunity to invest some of its surplus cash in government securities. These investments were declined by the clergy, and some disorder followed, but the odium of an attempt on the church fell on Huro, as in other days it had been shifted to Gomez Farias, and other scapegoats. One of the few constructive things in Santa Anna's long career was the encouragement his new administration gave to internal improvements and for a time much progress was manifest, but much of the credit for these things has been given to the Prime Minister, Lucas Alaman, who for thirty years had been a great conservative and intellectual force in Mexico. He had been bold enough on Santa Anna's return the year before to lecture him on his past shortcomings, and to advise a closer attention to business, and fewer visits to his plantations. But Alaman died in June, 1853, and immediately thereafter El Presidente removed to the suburb of Tacabaya, where he had freer opportunities to enjoy the cockpit and other vices which remained with him even at sixty.

Bancroft, speaking of his retreat here, says:

"He had a palace with dazzling interior of tap-

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estried and mirrored walls, and splendid furnishings, and the beauty and wealth of the country gathered there."

This feverish splendor pleased him, and he restored the fallen imperial order of Guadalupe, which had gone out with poor Iturbide, and did many other foolish things, though we would have hoped he had learned better in his long years of war and reverses and exile. But while he strutted through the mirrored halls and tapestried walls at Tacabaya, and aped the empty splendor of royalty, the country was groaning under taxes ever increasing to support his new army, and the church holding its vast wealth, and increasing it, stood out in bold relief against a ragged land.

His army was filled with his favorites, who in a small way took to mirrored halls and tapestried walls, all of which added burdens and made permanent progress impossible. Added to these encumbrances, cholera prevailed in the land in 1853, locusts ravaged the eastern provinces, and brigands infested every highway, since the officers in the new army were too much employed in regal ease to permit incursions against highwaymen.

But these disasters did not reach Tacabaya, where the master was furthering designs to have himself made emperor. Proclamations to that effect were inspired in several places, but the step seemed too sudden, and it was compromised by a

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decree which he and his advisers issued in December, 1853, extending his dictatorship for life, and providing that he could name his successor, and creating for himself the title of most Serene Highness. The annual revolution of 1854 broke out in the south, led by Juan Alvarez, long a compatriot of Santa Anna, and who had ridden out with him at the close of the late war. The distress of the country was great, and revolution against El Presidente's two years of miserable misrule soon gathered a formidable force, and on March 16, 1854, his Serene Highness marched out to meet the insurgents.

On April 20, he fought the battle of Pesegimo, with Alvarez and Moreno, and though he had seven thousand men, he was badly worsted, and made a hurried return to the capital.

It was at this period that the boundary question between the United States and Mexico, in the Mesilla Valley, became acute, and this government sought to extend the southern line of New Mexico and Arizona, to take in a right-of-way for the Southern Pacific Railroad, which was then being projected across the American desert, and which could not go further north upon any practicable route. Mr. James Gadsden was sent as Special Envoy to Mexico, to acquire this necessary strip of arid land, and negotiated what has since been called the Gadsden purchase, of 45,000 square miles, for a considera-

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tion of ten million dollars. Santa Anna gives some detail of this transaction in his memoirs:

"Mr. Gadsden said:

" 'The projected railroad from New York to California must be built by way of the Mesilla Valley, because there is no other feasible route. The Mexican government will be splendidly indemnified. The valley must belong to the United States by an indemnity, or we will take it.'

"Naturally, such talk aroused my wrath, and I said:

"Mr. Gadsden, I heard you say *'Splendid Indemnity,'* and am anxious to know how much it will amount to."

And the soft answer of a large indemnity turned away his wrath.

All through the summer and autumn of 1854, the revolution which had begun in January and had scored so well in April, roared away and gained impetus. In October, his Serene Highness determined to leave to a "great and solemn referendum" the question of his further retention of power, and ordered elections held throughout the nation upon the issue of his surrender to authority. Due care was exercised to see that the election was fairly held, and that no one should vote against him. He was almost unanimously elected to retain his office and his titles, but unfortunately neither the rebel leaders nor those plugging away in the ever-

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increasing revolution felt themselves bound by this mock election. And this sorry situation kept on and on and the dictator soon saw the end, unless something heroic was done. So for the last time he took the field against the enemy marching as far south as Iguala, where 34 years before Iturbide had pronounced the celebrated plan for Mexican Independence. In February, 1855, he fought his last battle, an inconsequential skirmish with the insurgents, at the town of Zamora. The rebels were now organizing along the Puebla, Jalapa, Vera Cruz road, and this gave him his real concern, for then as always he kept an eye open to this line of retreat to the seaboard. On August 9, 1855, he named a triumvirate to succeed to supreme power, sealing the decree to be opened after his departure, and took a last farewell of all his greatness.

He hurried down the Vera Cruz highway, over which he had alternately come and gone to power and exile for more than forty years, and in less than a week was on the high seas, bound for his last, long exile.

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His Last, Long Exile.

He was in his sixty-fourth year, when in 1855 he went the last time into exile, and had been in public life for fifty years. After his departure, his properties were seized, and confiscated, and in later years restored, and then seized again, but he was left enough for a competence in his old age. In all his banishments, he had never gone further than some of the Spanish-speaking countries about the Caribbean Sea, and now he returned to a village near Cartagena, where he had lived after his downfall at the close of the war with the United States. Here he lived for three years, when that country was upset by a revolution, and he removed to the Island of St. Thomas, where he lived until Maximilian's invasion of Mexico in 1864.

After his last exodus from Mexico, there had been no improvement in the internal affairs of that country. The habit of revolutions had become thoroughly imbedded in its political life; weak, vacillating governments followed each other as before, and emissaries from the unhappy land haunted the antechambers of the Continental kings, urging that a European prince be put on a Mexican throne. Ambitious leaders and political adventurers would upset all plans for a central despotic regime, and there was not sufficient integrity or intelligence among the people to support a popular government. In the name of Liberty any con-

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servative administration would be overthrown, and "Liberty" meant no more than license to plunder and brigandize.

While the United States was embroiled in the Civil War, a coterie of European powers seized the opportunity, and Maximilian, Arch-duke of Austria, was sent with an army to establish a monarchy. The European intervention, though welcomed by a large portion of the people of Mexico, was doomed to fail, for many native leaders enrolled as patriots, to fight the foreign usurper.

News of these events reached El Presidente, and though he was now past seventy, he hurried to mingle in this latest disturbance, and in February, 1864, sailed for Vera Cruz. A French squadron blocked the port, and before he was allowed to land, he was compelled to sign a statement recognizing the empire. But no sooner landed than he began brewing trouble, and Bazine, commanding the French army of occupation, had him loaded on an outgoing steamer, and put off at Havana. He appealed to Napoleon III for redress for this insult, but got no satisfaction, and wrote in his memoirs:

"They recall that I destroyed the throne of Iturbide, and proclaimed the first Republic."

He returned to St. Thomas, burning with a desire to organize resistance to Maximilian, and noting the angry tone of the press of the United States, he wrote a letter to President Johnson, asking aid to rid his country of the invaders. No reply came,

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but late in 1865, Seward, Secretary of State for the United States, was in the West Indes, and had occasion to call on the Governor of the Island of St. Thomas, and learning that General Santa Anna's residence was near, walked over for a visit to the fallen chieftain.

The old man fancied this was an answer to his letter, and though Mr. Seward merely exchanged compliments with him, and intended a mere social call, he was sure it had a deep meaning, and interpreted the Secretary's reserve and cautious speech as ominous.

"From the diplomat's mysterious conduct, I understood his intentions."

Some unscrupulous persons, led by a Spanish Jew, who frequented St. Thomas, fell into his line of thought, and persuaded him that Secretary Seward intended for him to come at once to New York, and Washington, and they interested him in preparing an expedition to Mexico.

They contrived to get his signature to notes, and mortgages, for large sums to be used in outfitting the expedition, and as part of the plan, persuaded him that he should visit New York and Washington. They went so far as to forge a letter over Secretary Seward's signature, promising him that the American congress would loan fifty million pesos for the adventure, in its desire to get Maximilian out of Mexico.

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These rescals robbed him of the remnant of his fortune, and left him penniless. In June, 1867, while he was in New York City, Maximilian was captured by Mexican insurgents and shot, and shortly afterward, El Presidente sailed from New York on an American vessel, and was soon at Vera Cruz, where he planned to land, and make an effort to regain his lost power.

At the instance of those in authority in Mexico, the Washington government had him detained and prevented his landing from a ship carrying the American flag.

A few weeks later, he affected a landing in Yucatan; but the new Mexican leaders, who had destroyed Maximilian, had no notion of allowing him to intermeddle with their plans.

Speaking of his landing, he writes in his memoirs:

"As soon as I stepped on the pier, they surrounded me with soldiers like a dreaded rebel, and thus they led me through the streets, as was done with prisoners of war during the middle ages."

He was locked in a dungeon at the fortress of Ula, at Vera Cruz, and after a time was tried for having been "addicted to the Empire." He was convicted and sentenced to eight years further exile, and again shipped away to Havana.

After a time, he removed to Nassau, on the Island

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of St. Thomas, where he wrote in his memoirs, in 1870:

"I have spent four years contented enough as a result of the generous hospitality which I have found."

When he was writing the closing lines of his autobiography, his attention was called to the fact that Juarez, then President of Mexico, had published an amnesty, naming many former political offenders, and pardoning them, and that his name was in the list. This awful imputation that he was an offender against his country, coupled with an offer of amnesty from Juarez, whom he despised as an Indian usurper, aroused the slumbering flame of his Spanish frenzy, and he closed his account with a vehement protest against the imputation that he needed a pardon for any offense against his country:

"For my country I have lost my limb, struggling against foreign invaders. I have sprinkled her fertile and beautiful soil with my blood.

"The name of Santa Anna was always heard when the country was in danger."

He ended his narrative in March, 1870, and four years later added a postscript eloquent with the melancholy reflections of a closing life:

"Short is the life of man, imperfect his works, insufficient his power, insatiable his desire, lively his hopes, sure his suffering. Seventy-four years

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have flown, with the rapidity of thought, since I first saw shining on my right arm the silver epaulets of a cadet in the Royal Army of the country of my forefathers.

"I have spent eighteen years in my last exile, and my persecutors have taken all from me, without leaving me a span of earth, or a hut for shelter. I have drunk the cup of bitterness drop by drop.

"But I forget all, and in my heart rancour and revenge have no place."

Four years later, in 1874, an old, crippled man, supported by two women, who walked on either side of him, disembarked at the wharf of Vera Cruz. As they made their painful, tedious way along the streets, looking for a cheap lodging house, no one recognized in the penniless, pitiful person the former dashing El Presidente. When his identity was known, it made no impression, and created little comment. After a time, he arranged for passage to the capitol, and they rode unnoticed in a public coach through the scenes of former grandeur.

A stranger slept at Manga de Clavo, and as the coach rumbled into his native city of Jalapa, his coming was void of consequence. In an obscure, mean abode at the capitol, he lived for two more weary years, wholly ignored. He applied for a restoration of his rank, and for governmental aid, but his request was denied. Alone and in squalor, he died on June 21, 1876.

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A week later, the Two Republics, a leading journal in the City of Mexico, carried this simple obituary:

"General Antonio Lopez de Santa Anna died in this city on the 21st inst.

"However he may have been condemned by parties, his career formed a brilliant and important portion of the History of Mexico, and future historians will differ in their judgment of his merits.

"General Santa Anna outlived his usefulness and ambition, and died at the ripe age of eighty-four. Peace to his ashes."

"How loved, how valued once avails thee not.
By whom remembered or by whom forgot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art—and all the proud shall be."

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